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*RADICALISM THE NATION'S HOPE.*

SPEECH OF HON. GEORGE W. JULIAN, OF INDIANA,

*In the House of Representatives, June* 16, 1866.

After having reviewed the conflict between radicalism and conservatism in connection with slavery hitherto, Mr. Julian said:

Of all the questions pertaining to the late rebellion which have been so much debated, it seems to me none could be more perfectly simple and unembarrassed than that of giving the ballot to the freedmen of the South. This would be conceded at once, if it were possible to forget the institution of slavery, and the foul legacy of prejudice and hate which it has bequeathed to us all. I believe the present discussions of the subject and our gingerly reluctance to face the issue squarely, will hereafter be set down among the curiosities of American politics. Sir, what is the proposition? It is simply to extend our democratic institutions over the States recently in revolt, which have been overpowered by our arms, and are now subject to the national jurisdiction. The mass of the white people of the South, including those who have been in arms against the government, have the ballot; and there is no pending proposition to deprive them of it. But we imagine insuperable difficulties in the way of giving it to the colored people, who constitute the majority in several States, who have been universally loyal, and have furnished a strong body of soldiery in the war for the Union. Can this, indeed, be true?

Alexander Hamilton, in the fifty-fourth number of the Federalist, speaking of the slaves, says: "It is admitted that if the laws were to restore the rights which have been taken away, the negroes could no longer be refused an equal share of representation with the other inhabitants." Most certainly he was right. Why then shirk the question? Would we do so if these colored men were white? No man will pretend it. Why not secure the ballot to the men who have been restored to their rights through the treason of their masters? "Liberty, or freedom," says Dr. Franklin, "consists in having *an actual share* in the appointment of those who frame the laws and who are to be the guardians of every man's life, property, and peace; for the *all* of one man is as dear to him as the *all* of another; and the poor man has an *equal* right, but *more* need, to have representatives in the Legislature than the rich one." And he goes on to say: "That they who have *no* voice nor vote in the electing of representatives *do not enjoy* liberty, but are absolutely *enslaved* to those who *have* votes, and to their representatives; for to be enslaved is to have Governors whom *other men have set over us*, and be subject to laws *made by the representatives of others*, without having had representatives of our own to give consent in *our* behalf." This, in different words, is the doctrine of James Otis, that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and was the principle on which our revolutionary fathers planted themselves in resisting British despotism. Shall we shrink from it to-day, when just emerging from a frightful civil war, caused by our infidelity to the rights of man? Are we still to love the rebels so tenderly that we must not offend them by a policy of equal and exact justice between them and the loyal men who resisted their devilish crusade against the national life? "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their *just* powers from the *consent* of the governed." Do we still doubt these truths, thus named self-evident, after having seen them written down in fire and blood during the past four years? Men talk eloquently of the natural equality of all men and the sovereignty of the popular will. Sir, if we are not hypocrites, why not accept these principles by reducing them to practice everywhere throughout the Republic? If all men are equal in their inborn rights, every man has the right to a voice in the governing power; and that right is as natural as the right to the breath of his nostrils. It is not a privilege, but a *right*, and you insult republicanism and brand the great Declaration as a lie, when you dispute it. You espouse the cause of absolutism at once; for if one portion of the people, black or white, can deprive another of their rights, the whole theory of American democracy is overturned. That wise men, in Congress and out of Congress, should deal with this question as a difficult and complicated one seems incredibly strange. The very horn-book of republicanism settles it; and if the teachings of our fathers are in fact to be accepted, and the poisonous exhalations of slavery shall ever be dispelled from the minds of men, a disfranchised citizen, white or colored, innocent of crime, will become an unknown anomaly. This much I say on general principles, and wholly aside from those considerations which plead imperatively for impartial suffrage in the South, on the score of justice and gratitude to the negro, the peace and well-being of society, and the stability of the Union itself.

But our power over the subject of suffrage in the States lately in revolt is disputed; and doubts respecting it are expressed even by the joint committee of fifteen, in their elaborate and very able report just given to the public. Sir, I never hear these opinions and doubts uttered without unmingled astonishment. In the whole domain of politics and jurisprudence a proposition cannot be found more perfectly beyond dispute than that Congress can prescribe the qualifications of voters in the States that rebelled against the national authority, and have been subdued by our arms. I do not now speak of the power conferred in the clause of the Constitution making it the right and duty of Congress to guaranty a republican form of government to every State; though I believe it clearly confers upon us the authority to deal with the question of suffrage in all the States. Nor do I here refer to the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, and giving Congress the power, by appropriate legislation, to enforce such abolition; though I hold it to be perfectly clear that under this clause the power over the ballot is given, since a man without it, according to the principles of radical democracy and the revolutionary authorities already referred to, is a slave—the slave of society, if not the chattel of an individual master. I waive these points, and rest the case solely on the ground of the authority of the nation to do what it pleases with rebels whose revolt became a stupendous civil war, and was crushed by the power of war. That, sir, is the impregnable ground on which I stand, and I challenge all assailants. The revolt grew in its proportion till it became a civil, territorial war. We blockaded the rebel coast; we exchanged prisoners; we conducted the conflict according to the laws of war and the law of nations. The rebels became public enemies, and by the power of our resistless hosts we conquered them. As conquered public enemies their rights were all swept away, all melted in the fervent heat of their devilish treason and war. Not a respectable jurist in the Union will dispute this proposition, for the principles of the law of nations which govern the conduct of a civil war, and define the rights of the parties to it, are precisely those which pertain to the conduct of a foreign war. If this is not the settled law of nations, settled also emphatically by the Supreme Court of the United States, then nothing is settled, and nothing is capable of settlement. The report of the Reconstruction Committee, already referred to, which expresses doubt as to the power in question, asserts that "within the limits prescribed by humanity the conquered rebels were at the mercy of the conquerors. That a government thus outraged had a most perfect right to exact indemnity for the injuries done and security against the recurrence of such outrages in the future would seem too clear for dispute. What the nature of that security should be; what proof should be required of a return to allegiance; what time should elapse before a people thus demoralized should be restored in full to the enjoyment of political rights and privileges, are questions for the law-making power to decide, and that decision must depend on grave considerations of public safety and the general welfare." This language covers the whole ground contended for. The power exists, and Congress alone must determine what is demanded by "considerations of the public safety and general welfare." The question before us to-day is one of necessity and expediency, and not of power—a question of fact, rather than a question of law.

On this question, Mr. Speaker, I think there is very little ground for disagreement among loyal men. If the colored millions of the South need any earthly good supremely, and need it soon, it is a share in the governing power. Let us not mock them by the hope of it at some time in the distant future, conditioned upon alternatives which we tender to their enemies, but grant it now, as their imperative and instant necessity. They are at this moment prostrate and helpless under the heel of their old tyrants. But for the partial succor afforded by the Freedmen's Bureau, their condition would be far more deplorable than that of slavery itself. Although the civil rights bill is now the law, none of the insurgent States allowed colored men to testify when white men are parties. The bill, as I learn from Gen. Howard, is pronounced void by the jurists and courts of the South. Florida makes it a misdemeanor for colored men to carry weapons without a license to do so from a probate judge, and the punishment of the offense is whipping and the pillory. South Carolina has the same enactments; and a black man convicted of an offense who fails immediately to pay his fine, is whipped. A magistrate may take colored children and apprentice them for alleged misbehavior without consulting their parents. Misasissippi allows no negro living in any corporate town to lease or rent lands. Cunning legislative devices are being invented in most of the States to restore slavery in fact. Without the ballot in the hands of the freedmen, local law, re-enforced by a public opinion more rampant against them than ever before, will render the Civil Rights bill a dead letter, and in the future, as it has been in the past, the national authority will be set at defiance. Even should the Civil Rights bill be enforced, it would be a palliative and not a cure, since the right to sue, to testify, to make contracts, and to own property may be lawfully enjoyed without commanding a tithe of the respect with which the ballot arms every man who wields it. This is the sure refuge and help of the freedmen, and Congress has the same power to secure it that it has to withhold it from the rebels; the same power to make suffrage impartial that it has to prescribe any other condition whatever in the reconstruction of the States.

If, as is alleged, no such power exists over the loyal States, that certainly is no reason why we should not exercise it where we have the power. With the authority unquestionably in our hands to disfranchise all the rebels, the plan reported by the joint committee leaves the ballot in their hands. With strange and lavish liberality even the leaders of the rebellion are to be clothed with this sovereign attribute. They may not hold office, but they may confer it. The pirate Semmes shall not be probate judge, but his ballot shall be counted in determining who shall fill the office, and so shall the ballots of the traitors who recently tried to make piracy honorable in Alabama. Gen. Lee cannot be President of the United States, nor Governor of Virginia, but he can march to the polls with his unhung confederates as the equal before the law, and under the old flag, of the loyalists whose valor saved the republic. The legions of armed traitors who fought against the nation four years, and deluged it in sorrow and blood, are all to be crowned with the honor and dignity of the ballot; and, as if to make treason respectable and loyalty odious, the colored people of the country, whose enslavement caused the war, and who furnished two hundred thousand soldiers in crushing the rebellion, are to be handed over to the unbridled hate and fury of their old masters.

One would naturally have supposed that vanquished rebels would be glad enough to escape with their lives, and that Congress, in conferring upon them the franchise, would at least atone for this unlooked-for and undeserved liberality by a policy of justice, if not of gratitude, toward the negroes, whose loyalty was never questioned, and whose strong arms helped strike down the enemies of the nation. One would have supposed that if any party must be disfranchised it would be the rebels, and that loyal men would govern the country they had saved by their valor. I am quite sure that neither the Copperheads nor the rebels themselves, till they were caressed by the Executive, ever dreamed of this congressional discrimination in favor of treason. Sir, it will gladden the heart of every traitor in the Union. No loyal man can defend it with a good conscience. Its recreancy is aggravated by every fact which comes to us respecting the situation in the South. The general feeling there against the freedmen is that of intense hostility and envenomed hate. The institution of slavery, through the instinct of a common interest, accorded to the negro some privileges; but now he has literally "no rights which white men are bound to respect." Sharing no longer the measure of consideration which pertained to his condition as a slave, he is regarded as a despised outcast, and treated like a dog. A feeling scarcely less intolerant is evinced toward the few loyal white men in these States, who in many localities are living in constant dread of violence and murder, and are frequently waylaid and shot. Quite recently I have received a letter from a gentleman of intelligence and worth in one of the Southern States, in which he says that he and his friends and neighbors, who have been hunted in the mountains like deer all through the war because they refused to take up arms against their country, having had their houses plundered or burned, their property destroyed, and themselves reduced to beggary, are still living in constant dread of assassination; and he begs me, if possible, to procure for them from the Secretary of War transportation to the North. This is a single instance among many of the actual condition and treatment of the loyalists of the South, under the fiendish domination of the men who have been ironically styled conquered. Sir, in heart and purpose they are less conquered than before the war. If possible they hate the Yankees, with their free schools and free institutions, more than ever. I believe their wrath is more and more a consuming fire. Down in the very depths of their souls they despise the Union, its generals, its soldiers, its statesmen, its prosperity, its peace. Upon the Freedmen's Bureau and the Civil Rights bill they pour out the sincerest and most heartfelt curses. Not a man has been found among them who does not defend the right of secession, and vindicate the rebel cause. They choose as their Senators and Representatives in Congress and for the highest offices in the States the most conspicuous and guilty of their unrepentant traitor chiefs. They insult the old flag and scoff at our national songs. They commemorate the deeds and honor the tombs of their grandest villains, and refuse to the loyal colored people of the South the coveted privilege of strewing flowers over the graves of our heroes who died that the republic might live. They crown treason as the highest virtue, and elevate murder to the rank of a fine art. Their newspapers are reeking with the foulest and most atrocious sentiments, and their manifest purpose is to scatter the baleful fires of discord and hate throughout the South. Under this new "reign of terror" emigration to the South, which we hoped would regenerate it, is interdicted, while the loyal men already there are looking about them for the means of speedy escape. Such is the Eden of blessedness and beauty which has been evoked by "*my policy*," and such are the people in whose hands Congress proposes to leave the powers of government, while it withholds the ballot from the only people whose redeeming agency and cooperating grace can restore order, liberty, and peace.

And these people, Mr. Speaker, who have "refined upon villainy till it wants a name," whose hearts are thus impregnated with the most rancorous hate toward the freedmen, and whose ascendancy over the South is hourly extending in all directions, are expected to give the ballot to the negro, if only we provide that otherwise he shall not be counted in the basis of representation. Sir, they will do no such thing. They would see the negro in Paradise, sooner than see him with the ballot in his hands. The madness which rushed into the rebellion in the interest of negro slavery, and which to-day, instead of being tamed by suffering and trial, is fiercer than ever, will never extend justice to these people. The much-talked-of "war of races," ending in negro extermination, would be far more probable. I am certainly ready to vote, as I have done, for reducing representation in the revolted States to the basis of actual voters. No man could defend his refusal to do so; but I believe the rebels, with the President at their back, will never agree to any such amendment of the Constitution, and that with their allies in the North they will be able to defeat it. Neither with nor without such an amendment, therefore, in my judgment, is there any well-grounded hope for justice from the rebel class. The decision of the case would require years of time, since it would involve the question whether nineteen or twenty-seven States are required to amend the Constitution; and the Supreme Court could not pass upon the point till nineteen States had ratified the amendment. During all this time the freedmen would be committed to the tender mercies of their enemies instead of sharing with them at once the powers of government.

Sir, why should we decline a present duty which is as clear and as palpable as the sunlight? Why impiously propose to red-handed traitors and assassins that they may trample down the precious rights of four million helpless but loyal people, if only it shall be agreed that these downtrodden millions shall not be represented in Congress? Why offer them a proposition which, if accepted, might be as fatal to the interests of the colored race as would have been the acceptance of the offer of President Lincoln to leave that race in bondage if the rebels would lay down their arms within a stipulated time? As I have already shown, the power to do what we wish is in our hands. Congress can enact a statute securing impartial suffrage in all the insurgent States, in which civil government is totally overthrown, and over which our power is supreme. Congress can pass enabling acts, as opportunely proposed by my distinguished friend from Pennsylvania [Mr. Stevens], providing for the calling of State conventions, and fixing the qualifications of voters. Congress, if it deems it expedient, can disfranchise the rebels, or any portion of them, and refuse admission to the rebellious States till they have secured impartial suffrage to their people. And finally, Congress if constitutional amendments are necessary, can propose such as will accord with justice and the rights of man, and will therefore have the strongest pledge of their ultimate success; while, in the meantime, whatever obstacles may be thrown in our way by the accidental occupant of the White House, the great cause of loyalty and freedom will be strengthened and fortified by every honest and manly endeavor to serve it.

But it is said, Mr. Speaker, that the people are not ready for so radical a policy, and that while the reconstruction of the rebel States on a solid and enduring basis is very desirable, we must accept the necessity which compels us to regard the temper of the public feeling and the practical effects upon the harmony of the Union party which advance measures would be likely to produce.

Sir, I defend the people against this accusation against their intelligence and loyalty. My own experience is that politicians are generally, if not invariably, behind the people, and rather inclined to block up the path of popular progress than to clear the way. This was undoubtedly true during the war, and every intelligent man can recall proofs of it in abundance. The people were ready for a radical policy in the first year of the conflict, as was shown by the proclamation of Gen. Fremont of September 2, 1861. It was hailed with nearly universal joy by the Republican masses, while every leading Democratic paper in the country warmly approved it. So intense and wide-spread was the feeling of enthusiastic loyalty among the people from the firing of Fort Sumter down to the revocation of this anti-slavery order, that party lines seemed utterly forgotten, and the Democratic organization in fact ceased to exist. Copperhead Democracy was a sprout from the Executive edict which Kentucky procured in the interest of slavery; but the people, at every stage of the conflict, received with open arms and greatful hearts every earnest man who came forward, and every vigorous war measure which was proposed.

Sir, why were the Union men defeated in the Fall of 1862? It was because the people feared that Gen. McClellan carried the government in his pocket, and had no faith in his conservative policy, which bore no good fruits. The men who failed to get back to the succeeding Congress were generally the timid men who counseled policy; while the Radicals who denounced McClellan, and preached the anti-slavery gospel boldly were successful. Why did the Unionists sweep the country in the next congressional elections? It was because of their bolder and more pronounced Radicalism. Why have our public men failed before the people in the political conflicts of the past twenty years? Not, certainly, because they outran the people in radical progress, but because the people loved courage, and felt that bolder leadership was demanded. For the truth of this I appeal to gentlemen on this floor who have made political life a profession, and who are most familiar with the history of American politics.

A servant of the people needs to have faith in the people. In dealing with a great question involving the reconstruction of government and regeneration of society in nearly half the territory of the republic he has no right to be "a negative expression, or an unknown quantity, in the algebra which is to work out the problem." He has no right to say that the people are not ready for a given policy, if he himself understands it, and is convinced that it is just and necessary. On the contrary, he will find it most safe to accept our democratic theory that the people are capable of understanding their affairs, and of managing them through honest and fearless representatives. What our politicians most need to-day is faith, faith in the people, faith in justice, and then to add to their faith *courage*. If the policy you propose is right, nothing is so safe as to trust the people; if it is crooked, a weak and shallow expedient, a truce with justice, and not a real peace, then nothing could be more unsafe than an appeal to the voice of the people, which finally will be the voice of truth.

The people, you say, are not ready for negro ballots in the insurgent States. Sir, I would be glad to have the proof of that. Since the outbreak in 1861 they seem to have been ready for whatever has come in the rapid and stirring march of events. They were ready for the war, appalling as it was, and utterly foreign to their habits and tastes. When it came, as I have shown, they were ready for radical measures in its prosecution. They were ready, or soon became ready, to arm the negroes against their masters, and to demand the complete emancipation of the millions in chains. They were ready to sacrifice the lives of more than three hundred thousand brave men to save the republic from dismemberment and ruin. They were ready to send sorrow into millions of households, and to entail upon their children a weary burden of debt in order that freedom should bear rule in these States. They were ready, when the war was ended, to demand the just chastisement of the great national criminals who were the instigators of the desolating conflict. They were ready to sanction the policy of a Freedmen's Bureau to guard and care for the men and women made nominally free by the power of war. They were ready to pass a Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery forever, and arming Congress with the power, by appropriate legislation, to make such abolition effective. They were ready to crown the negro with the honors of a soldier of the republic, and ask him to help to defend it against its assassins, and thereby to pledge themselves before God and man that he should thenceforward share all the rights enjoyed by white citizens. They were ready to say, in January last, through their Representatives in this Hall, by a vote of 116 to 54, that no man under the exclusive jurisdiction of the National government should be deprived of the ballot on account of race or color; and they have been disappointed, I am very sure, in the long delay of like action in the Senate. And they were ready, speaking through overwhelming majorities in both Houses of Congress, and in defiance of the Executive, to indorse the Civil Rights bill, which lacks only one short step of reaching the ballot, and the principles of which can only be defended by a logic which necessitates the grant of it as the grandest of all civil rights, and the pledge and shield of them all.

Mr. Speaker, a people who have proved themselves ready for all this will be found ready to move steadily forward toward the complete accomplishment of their grand purpose. Most assuredly they will not turn back, nor pause in their course. Their schooling during the past five years has armed them against fear, and the man who says they are not ready for all measures required to make good to the nation the righteous ends of the war impeaches both their intelligence and their patriotism. The people are not ready! This is the cry which is daily rung out here from a chorus of voices. We ourselves are all ready, individually, for the most radical policy, if the country would sustain us. Impartial suffrage is openly indorsed as the true doctrine, which, in due season, the people will be prepared to accept. They may be ready, we are told, after the Fall elections, and the hope is frequently expressed that then we shall meet the issue squarely. Almost everybody, save the most unblushing Copperheads, says that negro voting in the South is the true reconstruction, and is absolutely necessary if the rebels are to vote; but the country is not ripe for it. "Personally," as Henry Clay said of the annexation of Texas, all of us "would be glad to see it," but the issue is premature.

Sir, gentlemen are themselves premature, in all such statements. The people *are* ready, in this battle of politics, and would gladly go to the front if they could, leaving the politicians to straggle in the rear. And if the voice of the loyal millions could be faithfully executed to-day, treason would be made infamous, traitors would be disfranchised, and the loyal men of the South, irrespective of color, would take the front seats in the work of reconstruction and government. Do you doubt this? If there is real union among Union men everywhere, upon any single point, it is in their absolute determination to make sure the fruits of their victory, through whatever measures may be found needful. Sir, remembering the past, can any man really believe the loyal masses will take fright at the spectacle of negro ballots in the regions blasted by treason? All civic government there is overthrown. The President himself has so officially declared. The governments extemporized there by himself are purely military, and so far as they have assumed to be more than that they are simply usurpations. This is also perfectly understood by the country. The work of organizing civil governments in these regions belongs to their people, subject entirely to the control and direction of Congress. This, too, has been officially admitted by the President. And now, if Congress, at this session, should pass the Enabling Act referred to, reported by the venerable gentleman from Pennsylvania, authorizing the holding of conventions to form new State governments, and prescribing the same rule of impartial suffrage as was done by this House for the District of Columbia, would the people revolt against it? Would they even be offended? Does any intelligent, fair-minded man really believe it? The restoration of civil government in the South is undeniably necessary. That Congress alone, in co-operation with the people, can do this, is equally certain. The mode of organizing civil government in regions under the national jurisdiction is perfectly familiar to the people, and well settled by long and uniform practice. Who, then, shall be alarmed, if Congress, in rightfully initiating new governments, shall secure a voice to the colored millions who constitute more than two-fifths of the people, and an overwhelming majority of those who are loyal? What Union man will recoil from a policy of impartial justice? Do we still so love our "Southern brethren" that we must necessarily give *them* the ballot, and so sympathize with their tastes and dread their ill-will that we must deny it to the freedmen! Are the people to be dealt with as idiots or madmen on this subject, and counted rational on every other? Sir, let us put away timid counsels, and face the truth like men. Let us be wise to-day. Let us have faith in the sturdy common sense and unquenchable loyalty and patriotism of the people, as becomes those who have seen them confront the greatest of trials, and never yet found them wanting. Let us not doubt, for a moment, that they will sustain us, if we ourselves have the courage which "mounteth with occasion," and will only "dare do all that may become a man." Above all, let us remember that Providential guidance which in our trials hitherto has favored us exactly in the degree we have allied our cause to justice, and withheld from us the coveted prize of success as often as we have sought it at the expense of the rights of man. That same Providential discipline will most assuredly go with us to the end, whether we bravely meet the great duties of the crisis or prove ourselves unequal to our day and our work. Nothing, therefore, is so safe, and so sure to win, as the policy which shall make this truth our guide. God give us faith in His counsels, and courage to follow them! And let us not forget that—

> "The wise and active conquer difficulties,
> By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
> Shiver and shrink at sight of trial and hazard,
> And make the impossibility they fear."

*THE RECONSTRUCTION REPORT.*

BY CHARLES D. B. MILLS.

The evidence constantly accumulates that, notwithstanding all the disciplines of its late bitter experience, the nation is not yet brought to a true sobriety, to a sense of the supreme claim of heaven, or the requirement of its own salvation. The report lately submitted and sent forth to the country by the Reconstruction Committee of Congress is in point for this. It is elaborately written, prepared evidently with great consideration and care, its statements cautiously weighed, and it bears among others the name of Thaddeus Stevens.

The Congress has come from and been regarded as the near and trusty representative of the people, been looked to as the bulwark of liberty and safety against the designs and machinations of a profligate and determinedly false Executive. Andy Johnson has made himself, patently to all, the champion of injustice and inhumanity, of fellowship and service of the deep-dyed criminals of the South, ready to sacrifice every right of the black man, aye, of the loyal white there, in order to renew and consummate the old bond of affiliation with oppressors. The issue of justice and freedom—the only issue possible of any significance in the late struggle, the only one that can redeem it from a character other than that of a murderous and most wicked strife for mere civil ascendancy,—this issue is thus brought *within* the domain of the Federal Union, the animating principle of the Southern revolt embodied and revivified in Andy Johnson, the lines drawn in Washington, and the people's representatives brought face to face in the White House and the Capitol with the same enemy their armies had confronted upon the tented field.

Was it too much to expect that under such circumstances, this ugly fact before them and capping the climax of so many other ugly, bitter facts in the past, these men would stand upon unequivocal ground, hold attitude of direct and clear antagonism to injustice, slavery, and all its concomitants? What else could they well do, than, torn from the grounds of half-measures, of conciliation and compromise, forced by the sharp goad of the Almighty into position—what else could they than stand for broad, uncompromising truth and justice? What graver, more imperative considerations could be presented, urging home the divine propriety and the absolute, unescapable necessity of such a course? There had been retribution enough, bitter, heart-wringing experiences enough, demonstrated impossibility of escaping the responsibility of upstanding faithfulness enough, shutting up to the one way of true righteousness enough, 'twould seem, to rouse the most stolid and turn the most perverse.

But no, the intoxication was too deep, the Lethe waters drunk too strong that they should yet be broken from the spell and the juggle of the ages. The Committee argues at length and forcibly enough from the Federal stand-point, the forfeiture by the communities lately in arms against the government of all political rights of place in the Union. "Within the limits prescribed by humanity, the conquered rebels were at the mercy of their conquerors." They are to be admitted, if at all, on such terms and after such probation as the law-making power of the nation may prescribe. But they fall down prostrate before the Fetish of the reserved rights of the slaveholders—ex-slaveholders they are, indeed, now, but retaining indisputable right to dispose of the political status of their late slaves.

Anon, and in face of all their fine argument, they come forward with this declaration in regard to the franchise and representation: "Doubt whether Congress had power even under the amended Constitution to prescribe the qualifications of voters in a State, or could act directly on the subject. It was doubtful in the opinion of your Committee whether the States would consent to surrender a power they had always exercised and to which they were attached."

Doubtful whether specifically and in particular, it is competent to Congress to do what broadly and in general the Committee had just elaborately argued the Congress had in regard to these revolted States full right to do, nay, was *under most imperative obligation* to do. And so they propose to reconstruct on a basis that permits the South to disfranchise their entire colored population if they will. Giving the franchise to the great body of those lately in arms *against* the nation, and consenting that it be withheld from those who in the hour of our extremity bore arms and shed their blood *for* the nation! And all this on the old plea that we have no jurisdiction in the case, that these revolted and outlawed communities are still so sovereign that we may not presume to intimate at all whom they shall permit of their loyal population to vote at the elections! To this Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens subscribe, and the radical Republican press of the country without exception say, Amen. In all haste, it seems the Northern State Legislatures are to be summoned together, and this great pacification and restoration of the country is to be enacted into the solemn form of organic law, ere there shall have been any time for consideration, or a sober second thought.

Well we have heard perpetually in old years of the inviolability of the institution of slavery where it stood entrenched behind the bulwark of the sovereign rights of States. The groans and cries of the slave had come up year after year and age after age, and the sole reply had been—No help; we can do nothing for you. With the sovereign institution we had no business save to recognize it as *de facto* there and legitimate, and observe toward it the obligations of the sacred compact. The great Chicago Convention of '60, declared itself to hold, as one of the cardinal doctrines of its faith, the invasion of sovereign States with intent to subvert their institutions [slavery] "among the gravest of crimes;" and the Republican party attempted to enter upon and administer power, standing religiously upon the basis of non-interference with slavery. But God taught erewhile by the swift bolts of his retribution that we were hugging to our bosom a lie and the poison of asps. That resolve as we would that we had nought to do with slavery, slavery had all to do with us, and out of great necessity, for very life, we had to decree its abolition, had to subvert the institution, to attack which we had pronounced "the gravest of crimes." The lesson of this wisdom cost us dear; but it came, was taught in suffering and blood and sorrow. Here was the word of the Lord by the mouth of his servant, the war, a word partially recognized at the time, but not yet taken home to the life.

A new and heavier discipline may be needed to impress upon the gross heart of this nation that they are sacredly bound by all the ties of primal humanity—by the sacred obligations of justice and absolution to a long oppressed and down-trodden race, of gratitude to their sable saviours in the hour of utmost need—to instate them in and vindicate to them all the rights and privileges of citizenship, self-government and protection that whites enjoy, and that they can ignore and renounce this only at their peril. And this admission will surely come. When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them. From of old it was said the counsels of the wicked shall not stand—the purposes of compromisers shall fail.

The course now pursued by Congress, and morally certain I suppose to be ratified by the entire Northern States, is directly towards trouble, is fearfully sure to lead to fresh embarrassments and new outbreak of violence and bloody conflict. It will put upon the floor of both Houses, representatives from the South who are full of enmity and treason, active participants in the late rebellion, not less but more malignant conspirators and bitter than before. Twenty-two of them in the Senate, who affiliating with the present minority there will form a controlling majority in that body. Some sixty in the lower House, who with the copperheads and weak-kneed Republicans already there, will make a powerful combination for purposes of evil. And this with such a presidential incumbent as we have, so utterly false to all freedom, so eager and wilful for iniquity—what else may we expect than a fresh civil war, more deep-reaching, wide-spread and violent than the terrible one from which we have just emerged? The North will be launched upon war, but with this added disadvantage, as compared with the former struggle, that she has betrayed herself, has put her resources and her government deliberately into the hands of her deadly enemies. Is the country ready to plunge with eyes open into this fearful abyss?

Oh, how we need Congressmen that fear God and reverence justice before policy or parchment, or any advantage, before reconstruction of the South or re-election at home, who would dare in this crisis and trial hour to stand up and do one *thoroughly manly deed!* How we need an upright and regenerate nation, which would as a unit rise up and set the seal of its withering reprobation on this base infidelity, and pour forth from its thousand primary meetings such a thunder-peal of rebuke as would make all Washington quake in fear and shame before it! How we need Abolitionists to warn and remonstrate, to denounce the judgments of Heaven impending upon the guilty land, to stand for signs and witnesses and declare from God, Yet forty days and Ninevah shall be destroyed! To plead for repentance ere the final die be cast, and by one single crowning act of iniquity our fate, as a people, be irrevocably sealed. Was there ever an hour of graver moment, of sorer need than now? And whence shall come the response? Whence if not at least from those who in the older days have been the constant witnesses, the faithful confessors of Truth?

*POISONED TO THE CORE.*

To deal safely with facts, requires that they be fully understood. If the North had known the true condition of Southern sentiment, before the war, we might have been protected from its fearful consequences.

Could the people of the North comprehend, what we believe to be a fact, that the South is as much a foreign element in our government, as a territory and people of like magnitude, taken from any civilized nation of the earth could be; if the truth could be understood, that the grand central idea of the South has ever been a landed aristocracy; that they have ever practically denied the equality of *even white men* before the law; that they hate democracy, and deny the principles of republicanism;—we should be prepared to deal justly with them. It is a great misfortune that Southern journals cannot have a free circulation North—it would not be long before it would be understood—that it is the love of *liberty*, not *place* of birth, that commands the hatred of the South.

Gen. Scott went to his grave but the other day, covered with honors, and loaded with years of usefulness. The nation was sad at the thought that a life so useful, could not be prolonged without limit.

The Columbus (Ga.) *Sun*, speaks thus of the dead hero;

"The death of Gen. Scott diminishes the quota of great men furnished the country by the South. The anticipated announcement of the close of his life, will not produce the same regret with which it would have been received some years since, for the war caused an estrangement between Gen. Scott and the friends of his earlier and happier days, which followed him to his grave. The discovery, in a gambling hell at Richmond, of the sword Virginia had presented to him as a testimony of her esteem and a reward for his services, with the jewels plucked from its hilt, was ominous of his declining respect and veneration for his mother State, and prophetic of the course he would pursue in the then approaching hostilities. He elected to remain with the North and to give it the weight of his experience and ability in favor of a war which desolated the home of his birth, desecrated the resting places of his wife and children, and recorded among its victims many of his kindred friends. The South has not forgotten these things, and it is probable that he remembered them with sorrow, for in the short space of a month he was discarded by a people for whom he sacrificed so much of personal feeling, and his baton of command was conferred upon a sub-lieutenant, a new idol for a fickle populace."

Not able to command him for treason in life, they would cover his grave with thorns, and curse his memory.—*Leavenworth (Kansas) Daily Bulletin.*

*AFFAIRS IN TEXAS.*

THE LOYALISTS AND THE FREEDMEN—THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Mr. Van Vleet, a well known journalist, has spent the last Winter in Texas, travelling over nearly every section of the State, and coming into intimate relations with the leading politicians. He has credentials from Gov. Hamilton and other prominent Union men, and is officially authorized to represent their position as well as fully competent from his own experience to describe the condition of Texas. We propose to give the leading facts which we gathered in the course of a conversation with him.

He represents the condition of affairs as in no degree superior to the situation in South Carolina or Virginia. It is only by virtue of whatever position the Federal government may have put them in that Union men have authority and influence. In almost every part of the State they are in a very large minority. In certain sections, as in San Antonio, where the German and Mexican element preponderate, there is a majority of Union men, who can and do protect themselves and secure to their neighborhoods the advantages of free speech and a free press. But wherever the recently rebel population prevails, the Union men are harassed and persecuted; or they are forced to purchase peace by a seeming acquiescence and a real submission.

The relative proportion of the Union men to the rebel population is supposed to have been arrived at as accurately as is possible by the votes in the recent State Convention. There were ninety members in all, and of this number twenty-two were unconditional Unionists.

The entire population of Texas is supposed to be about one million, of whom four hundred thousand are colored people. There is, therefore, no prospect that the white Unionists will triumph in any State election unless the negroes are enfranchised. But, as in Tennessee, it does not follow because a white citizen styles himself an unconditional Unionist, he is therefore and necessarily in favor of negro suffrage even to save his party from defeat. There are some men openly in favor of impartial justice, and others who will give their adhesion to the doctrine of political equality as soon as they can sustain themselves at home in doing so.

The freedmen are working constantly and industriously in every part of the State. This result is owing largely to the influence of Gen. Gregory, Assistant Commissioner, who found the labor of the State entirely disorganized, but persuasion and firmness soon brought the planters and their late hands together and made mutually satisfactory arrangements between them. The doubt which was universally expressed at first as to the working of the free labor system is now quite as generally dispelled. But, wherever the Bureau officers and the troops do not reach, the old spirit of slavery exhibits itself. Mr. Van Vleet believes that without this guardianship, there would be much injustice done to the negroes. The white people must get accustomed to pay the negroes, and to do justice to them, before it will be safe to intrust the "nation's wards" in the power of their recent owners.

The general estimate is that the yield of the cotton crop this year will reach half a million bales. In 1860 there were a little over 400,000 bales. The freedmen under existing arrangements will have about three millions distributed among them this Autumn. This result will be a complete vindication of the free labor system. But, already indeed, no intelligent men in Texas deny that the negro will work, and work well, when adequate wages are offered him.

Mr. Van Vleet confirmed Gen. Schurz's report of the effect of the policy of the President on the conduct of the late rebels. As soon as it was known that he had vetoed the Freedman's Bureau bill, public meetings were called by prominent ex-rebels endorsing, sustaining and thanking him; and then there began to be seen a spirit of hostility to the Unionists, which was previously disguised, while the poor negroes were treated with indignity and cruelty. It is quite common to hear of a negro being shot; but as he is "only a nigger," nobody cares anything about it.

Mr. Van Vleet mentions, as illustrations of the feeling toward the negroes, one or two incidents that come under his own immediate notice in travelling.

In Montgomery County, a freedman named Fred. Freeman, was charged by a citizen with insulting a lady. He was brought before a rebel court, but there was no evidence to substantiate the charge, and he was promptly acquitted. But a number of citizens, headed by the sheriff, who were dissatisfied with this decision, seized, stripped, and whipped the freedman in the public streets.

One B. B. Lee, at Hampstead, killed a negro. He was carried to Houston, where his trial commenced under a military commission. Gen. Wright, commanding at Galveston, ordered him to be turned over to the civil authorities. He was remanded to Hampstead, taken before a magistrate, but no one would appear against him. When he was acquitted on this ground, he publicly boasted that he would "kill another negro."

Agents of the Bureau at times have sufficient excitement to insure their lives against death by *ennui*. Capt. Porter, the agent at Houston, for example, has been challenged twice, and has been attacked by at least one man, armed with a knife, in the public streets.

At the same place, a few days before Mr. Van Vleet left it, a Federal sergeant was shot in the streets by a police officer. The military authorities ordered the arrest of the murderer. The citizens secreted him, but coolly came forward and offered to deliver him up on condition that he should be tried by the civil courts! Near Richmond, in Fort Bend County, a conspiracy was discovered, the object of which was to assassinate Capt. Doolittle, the Federal officer in command there.

At Galveston an incident, quite common everywhere, fell under Mr. Van Vleet's observation. Gregory, the slave of (rebel) Col. Waters, served him for a long time after emancipation. At last he determined to keep house, and withdrew with his wife from Waters's hotel. Shortly afterwards he called on the Colonel and respectfully asked for the balance of his wife's pay. Waters swore he had paid her.

"Why, Colonel," said the negro, "you don't

call de six dollars you give her de full pay since freedom come?"

The gallant Colonel jumped to his feet, seized a broom, ran after his former slave, striking him as he retreated down stairs, and breaking the stick over his head.

The Colonel was sued for assault and battery. The case was clear and the evidence full. But Mrs. Waters said that Gregory was "saucy," and the court acquitted her husband.

Here another Gregory stepped in—this time the General of that name—and promptly ordered the ex-Colonel to pay the amount due to the woman.

At Houston Mr. Van Vleet visited the negro school kept by Miss Clay. While there he saw a Miss Garrison (of that ilk!) who had just been ordered from a plantation some forty miles distant. It was the property of (rebel) Col. Mann, and had been leased by Gen. Clarke, of the 34th Iowa. One of the inducements held out to the negroes to work on this place was that a school should be established there. The promise was faithfully kept by Gen. Clarke. But as soon as Mann heard of it, he ordered that it be immediately discontinued. He had power enough to break it up, and exercised it.

Shortly after Mr. Van Vleet and the agent returned to the office of the Bureau, a crowd of excited school children ran up to it, and stated that a number of citizens had forcibly entered it, stripped some of the boys naked and whipped them and "cleared out" every pupil in it. The Bureau at once sent a file of soldiers to protect the school from further molestation.

The colored people of Texas show the same earnest desire for education which distinguishes the race in other Southern States. But none of the Northern Freedmen's Societies have yet extended their operations into that State, and the teachers are such as voluntarily went there or emigrated from Louisiana after their "seasons" ended. The pupils, old and young, pay a dollar and a half a month in gold for their tuition. Their teachers are ostracized everywhere. They are forced to board with negro families. There are no whites so poor as to do them even the lucrative honor of accepting money for their board.

The debate in the State Convention proved that, excepting on compulsion, the civil authorities will never lift a finger to educate the freedmen. The new Constitution, as amended, contains the most liberal provisions in grants of land for the establishment of schools and universities in the State, but provides that "the income derived therefrom shall be a perpetual fund exclusively for the education of all the *white* scholastic inhabitants," and that "no law shall ever be made appropriating said fund to any other cause or purpose whatever."

Various attempts were made by some Union members to modify and repeal this declaration, but they were voted down, emphatically and promptly, by large and decisive majorities. The section as quoted was finally passed by a vote of 52 ayes to 17 noes. The first motion—to strike out the word white—was voted down by the great majority of 60 to 6. These six members are understood to be radicals and in favor of universal suffrage. From an unpublished history of the debate on this subject, we quote the expression of opinion of the five leading members of the secession party.

Gen. Waul one morning (after the vote of the previous day, becoming alarmed least this action should damage "the cause of Texas" in the North) made a motion to reconsider and to amend by striking out the clause restricting the fund to the white children. He organized and commanded the "Waul legion."

He said he wished the Legislature to have the power of appropriating a portion of the fund to the education of the colored children—but, said he, do you suppose a Texas Legislature will ever devote any portion of these funds to them? Never! in my opinion; but still let us give them the power to do it.

Mr. Roberts favored the amendment, because, if it was not adopted, the North, indignant at our proceedings, could flood the State with Yankee school teachers, poisoning the minds of our late slaves against us. [Mr. Roberts was the President of the convention which passed the ordinance of secession in Texas.]

Mr. Phillips defended the amendment for the same reason. He feared Northern schoolmasters and Northern school books. [Mr. Phillips was educated in a Northern charity for the ministry—but went to Texas, became a lawyer and came to *this*.]

Mr. Geddings was in favor of the amendment, because he wanted to get rid of the Freedmen's Bureau. "We must," said he with great emphasis have the control of these people ourselves. [Mr. Geddings was a Pennsylvanian.]

Mr. Henderson opposed the amendment. This fund, said he, belongs to the *whites*, and never will I consent to give a dollar of it to the negro. What! sir! take the money of the *white* children to educate the blacks? Never, sir! President Johnson does not demand any such thing and I shall never consent to it. [Mr. Henderson was formerly Governor of the State and is a very influential politician. He carried his point without difficulty.]

There are no thoroughly Union papers in Texas, excepting the San Antonio *Express* and the *Southern Intelligencer*. This last sheet is a campaign paper. The Texas rebel journals are outspoken in their treason, and are rapidly increasing in number. Texas needs nothing so much as an earnest Republican daily journal. The *Express* is a weekly. A German paper—the *Free Press*, printed in San Antonio, is also loyal. The Union men are determined to have a daily *Express* and a tri-weekly *Free Press*, and Mr. Van Vleet is now in the North to purchase materials for it.

Among the piles of treasonable utterances, we have space for two only.

First—a compliment to Massachusetts:

"There has been no improvement in the patriotism of Massachusetts since. During the last war she was attentive only to her own interests. Her major-generals plundered cities, and her reverend colonels stole libraries. Her people took contracts, shirked their quotas, and hired as substitutes vagabonds and negroes."

Second—just one sentence, and that is enough:

"On the ordinance of secession (in the late convention) Col. Burke yielded his conviction in favor of simple repeal, but as to 'null and void, *ab initio*,' he declared: 'Before God and my country, I cannot, I will not say it!' *The speeches on other subjects are equally sound!*"

It is unfortunate for the restoration or rather the correction of a healthy sentiment in Texas that the loyal northern newspapers are not circulated in the State; while the New York *World*, the New York *News*, the *Day Book* and Chauncey Burr's *Old Guard* (*color* understood) are to be found in every county.

The freedmen are organizing societies for mutual aid in need—to care for the aged, the sick and the orphan; "leaving," as Mr. Van Vleet expresses it, the Bureau for the most part to give its rations to the whites. The blacks need none of them.

Mr. Van Vleet says also that they need no pecuniary aid from the North. They are doing well and are willing to pay their own way. But the Freedmen's Societies can greatly assist them by acting, in cooperation with the Bureau in organizing the educational interests of the State.

There is an active political campaign now in progress for Governor and other State officers. Mr. Pease, an ex-Governor of Texas, a Connecticut man by birth, is the candidate of the Union men. The opposing candidate is Brig.-Gen. Throckmorton of the rebel army. He was president of the recent State convention. The opposition styles itself the "Conservative Union Party" and claims to sustain the President's policy. The prospects are that the ex-rebels will be triumphant.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

## THE LIBERALS OF EUROPE.

AN ADDRESS FROM CITIZENS OF BOSTON.

A LARGE number of gentlemen, in sympathy with the cause of republicanism in Europe, met in Boston last week. Mr. Louis Bulewski, delegate of the European Republican Committee, was introduced to the meeting, and it was resolved to organize a society in furtherance of the principles of republicanism on the continent of Europe. The following gentlemen were elected as officers of the society:

President, Lieut.-Gov. Wm. Claflin; Vice-Presidents, Samuel G. Howe, George L. Stearns, George W. Wheelwright, Addison George, Wm. A. Westman, Francis W. Bird, George H. Snelling, James M. Stone, Charles W. Mack; Corresponding Secretary, Thomas Russell; Recording Secretary, Albert L. Fernan; Committee on Address, Thomas Russel, Samuel G. Howe, George H. Snelling, William Claflin, Geo. L. Stearns, George W. Wheelwright, Albert L. Fernan, James M. Stowe, Charles W. Mack.

The following Address was issued by this Committee, and is in circulation for signatures:

"*To the Friends of Republican Principles in Europe:*

"As citizens of Massachusetts, living in the birthplace of American liberty, and among the battle-fields of the American revolution, we wish to express our sympathy for your principles, and our confidence in your final triumph. We thank you for your stirring address, which bears a name ennobled by the hatred of tyrants and the love of freemen. We thank you more heartily for the noble acts and lives by which you have illustrated the good old cause of freedom. In the dark hours of the last five years, one animating motive of our people was the hope that, by our example as a nation, we might encourage the friends of free government in Europe, and hasten the day of their victory. This hope was among the sentiments that filled the ranks of our armies, and helped us to achieve success. In this way, as well as by sending many heroic recruits, you aided the republic in many heroic recruits, you seemed most powerless. So can cause when you seemed most powerless. So true it is that, whenever and wherever a true word is spoken or a brave deed is done, there is no corner of God's universe where its power is not felt. This may well be one of the consolations of exile and martyrdom.

"We trust that the influence of our victory may extend to all countries and to all times. America has shown the strength of a republican government, founded in the loyalty of its people. We have refuted the favorite maxim of aristocrats by proving that the mass of the people are guided by the highest sentiments, willing to bear the heaviest burdens, enduring delay and defeat, counting death gain, if by their death national freedom may live.

"Our war has taught the noble lesson that true safety lies in doing right. We failed until we reinforced our armies with the Divine artillery of justice. Thus our success has been the victory, not of the North or of America alone; it is the triumph of human rights.

"We believe that our nation will be true to the principles which saved her, and that the vindication of the rights of man will always be the dearest hope of the national heart. Nations, like men, should seek something higher than selfish existence and material prosperity. The good of others is their good. Especially is this true of a nation that has in each foreign republican an ally in case of need, a check to the hatred of despotic governments at all times.

"We feel that for nations, as for individuals, the rules and duties of maturity differ from the rules and duties of childhood. Among the first duties of America we recognize the spread of free principles among men. If she fails in this, our country will be unworthy of her great deliverance. At least she will take as much interest in the cause of liberty in Europe as her great statesmen of the last generation promised for the far off republics that lie on the Pacific shore of South America. Our rescued and triumphant nation must take her new place among the powers of earth, with a lofty policy, a decided voice, a determined will. Wherever freedom and tyranny are in conflict her influence should be felt.

"The world is filled with rumors of wars, and in strife we all see hope for liberty. We have learned that infinitely worse than all the evils of war is the selfish cowardice which endures the dishonor of a nation or the denial of human rights.

"One of our martyrs has said 'It would be better for a whole generation of men to perish from the earth than that one truth of the Declaration of Independence or the Sermon on the Mount should be forgotten among men.'

"In the spirit of that sentiment we congratulate you on the prospect of this hour. We renew our assurances of sympathy and admiration.

"We promise that our humble efforts shall not be wanting to place the influence of America actively, openly and perpetually on the side of freedom throughout the world.

"Boston, June 18, 1866."


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866.


## POLITICAL HUCKSTERING.

TRADE in politics is reviving. A Convention is to be held in Philadelphia next month for the formation of a new political party. It is to be known as the National Union party. It is to be very broad, comprehensive, and national. Its claim for support is based upon its nationality. The Convention will afford an occasion for a reunion of political brethren from all parts of the country. All who can agree that this is a white man's government, and that the States have an exclusive right to regulate suffrage, and their domestic affairs, according to their own predilection, may consider themselves invited to attend, either in person or by delegated representative. It is a "my policy" movement. Ignoring the political existence of the unenfranchised blacks, it seeks now, by direct appeal to the people, and a reconstruction of Congress, to reinstate the white men of the South in old-time political privileges. Baffled thus far in his persistent attempts to gain admission for his "reconstructed" Senators and Representatives to Congressional seats, the President now proposes, with the help of his Raymond-Doolittle-Dixon aids, to create a Congress, during the forthcoming elections, to which his reconstructed pets may be admitted without question. It is virtually a movement for the re-establishment of slavery while it disclaims that object. It means fully to re-establish the old shield of State sovereignty, and unreservedly to give back the blacks to the control of their rebellious masters. Even before this political scheme is consummated by a formal Congressional readmission, the Civil Rights bill is rendered a dead letter, men, women and children are sold into actual slavery with impunity, and white loyalists, hunted and persecuted, are seeking the interposition of the Secretary of war for government transportation Northward.

It is not expected that in its own name this party will accomplish much in the way of electing its candidates. It is intended to bring Republicans to its own level by paying its price, or to give the elections, wherever that is possible, to the Democrats. What Thurlow Weed and his tools did for the defeat of Gen. Wadsworth and the election of Horatio Seymour as Governor in this State, *that* this new conservative party is intended to do in the coming Autumn elections, for Governors and members of Congress. Where radical men are nominated, if they cannot be bought to serve satisfactorily "conservative" ends, as the price of election, they are to be defeated and the election thrown into the hands of the "Democracy." In either case the ultimate end to be served is the same. Soul-less, trading politicians, unscrupulous as to means, have determined to sell out the ripe fruit of victory in the late war, sacrifice the black and white loyalists of the South, and, for their own selfish ends, deliver the government of the country over again to the rule and and domination of a treasonable, class aristocracy.

For this untoward state of things, we hold those Republicans who will suffer most, and who, in some cases we doubt not, will lose their elections, largely responsible. We know the impetus in the wrong direction given by the President's treasonable defection. The scroll of infamy will derive new lustre from his name. But the glorious opportunity abused by the President it was left for a Republican Congress rightly to improve. This opportunity, such as no preceding Congress ever had, and such as is not likely soon again to occur, has been essentially wasted. Timid counsels have been listened to, and disgraceful make-shifts adopted, where should have been manly courage to face a mean prejudice, and resolute, statesman-like legislation. Such shameful manœuvering as Henry Wilson's, and his political associates, on the Colorado question, and such unpardonable surrender of the main question at issue as is embodied in the proposed Amendment of the Constitution, sanctioned by the votes even of Messrs. Sumner, Stevens, Kelley, Julian, Boutwell, and others, invites and logically results in precisely the kind of action which Weed, Seward, Raymond, and other political leeches of that school have entered upon. When President Lincoln countermanded Fremont's proclamation of emancipation, he licensed the existence of the "copperhead" party, and well-nigh surrendered the destinies of the nation into its management. This blunder, worse in this case than a crime, the Thirty-ninth Congress has repeated. It has thrown away the opportunity to go before the country in the coming campaign upon the one issue of Impartial Suffrage which would have appealed to the moral consciousness and enthusiam of the people. Lame, apologetic, defending itself, instead of assuming the aggressive in support of correct principles, it has invited defeat, or a success by injustice and infidelity to the right.

The real question for our concern, as Abolitionists, remains unchanged, however much the relations of parties may become mixed and confused. It is our mission to faithfully, without compromise vindicate the right of the colored race to an impartial equality before the law, to equal privileges and opportunities everywhere. The experience of the past has clearly demonstrated that this end has been most efficiently served by nonconformity, when politicians have appealed to us to travel out of our way to serve their party in the emergencies of the past. Parties which hitherto have sacrificed the principles which alone could justify their existence, have been themselves sacrificed. It was the fate they deserved. History seems likely in this respect again to repeat itself.

## LETTER FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

13 CHESTNUT ST., BOSTON, June 29, 1866.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

MY DEAR FRIEND: Foreseeing that a full Report of our Fourth July meeting at Framingham next Wednesday would not be in season for your next issue of THE STANDARD, I so far anticipate as to send you the following copy of a very good letter from Frederick Douglass, which I shall be reading probably at Framingham at about the same time you are having it set in type at New York. Yours, very truly,

JOHN T. SARGENT.

*Rev.* JOHN T. SARGENT, *President Mass., Anti-Slavery Society.*

MY DEAR SIR: I regret exceedingly that other duties and engagements will prevent my being present and assisting in your forthcoming annual Anti-Slavery celebration of the Fourth July at Framingham, Massachusetts. It gives me pleasure, however, to assure you and the earnest men and women who have this celebration in hand, that I most fully accord with you as to the wisdom and propriety of continuing your work for the full and complete emancipation of my race, and doing so in your own well-earned and long established character of Abolitionists, and by the use of your old and well-approved methods and instrumentalities. In that character you have wrought wonders; demonstrated the divinity of your mission, and strikingly illustrated the truth that in a righteous cause "*one* may chase a *thousand*, and *two* put *ten* thousand to flight." Though bodily absent I shall be present in that higher and more universal sense,—the sense in which the friends of justice and equality are one the world over! I shall be with you in earnest sympathy and sincere appreciation, and in all grateful sentiments for your many labors and services. It is a very great privilege to be accounted worthy to be with you in this sense, for I see no workers in the cause of Reform exercising a wiser foresight, a steadier purpose, a sterner integrity, a heartier zeal, or a more sublime faith in the ultimate triumph of truth than yourselves. The complaint against you, at the present hour, is that you persist in thinking that your work as Abolitionists is not completed. This I take to be your highest praise. Names are of less importance than things, and you have chosen to look at things as they are, and have refused to be cheated by professions and appearances. Slavery has nominally received its death blow a great many times, and has, as often, required still *another* blow to kill it! No doubt when the declaration went forth that "ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL" sanguine men regarded it as the death blow to slavery in America, but they were mistaken. When the "slave trade" was abolished and slavery in the Territories prohibited, slavery received its death blow, but that old abomination did, after all, manage to live and wax strong, till, towering aloft in its marvellous pride and power, it has dragged the nation through four years of bloody war, and entailed upon the country indescribable calamities and sorrows. But it is now said that it has not only received its death blow, but that it is *dead*,—that the WAR has killed it; that the "Emancipation proclamation" has killed it; that the "Amendment to the Constitution," declaring that there shall be "no slavery in any of the States but for crime" has killed it; that the "Civil Rights bill" has killed it; in a word, slavery is now unconstitutional,—unlawful, and therefore *dead*,—has ceased to exist. Well, in *theory*, this is quite true; but in practice the case is far otherwise. To my thinking there has been no time, these fifteen years past, when I could not prove that slavery is unconstitutional,—but the ugly fact of its existence was dreadfully palpable for all that. I value the "Proclamation" of '63,—the Amendment to the Constitution, the Civil Rights bill, and I rejoice in the "Freedmen's Bureau," but I see plainly that until the negro has the ballot at the South he is still at the mercy of his old masters, and, though nominally free, he will be practically *a slave*.

The power that keeps him from the ballot-box and the jury-box will take from him the musket with which he helped to put down the rebellion; will drive out from the South his friendly teachers and missionaries; will put down free speech, and a free press, and will make the negro's freedom a mockery!

Laws are valuable only when justly administered. The best laws on the Statute Book amount to nothing unless the injured party has the power to claim their protection. Of what value is the law where you cannot get into court; where no lawyer will undertake your cause, and where, if you did succeed in getting into court, you shold find the whole bar, judge, and jury holding the doctrine of the "Dread Scott Decision," that you have "no rights which white men are bound to respect!" This atrocious sentiment is as rampant to-day at the South as before the war, and it only needs the withdrawal of loyal troops to display its demoniacal crimes everywhere as it has already done in Memphis, and Alexandria, and other parts of the South.

But why not melt away into the mass of our fellow-citizens, and leave the negro to the care of politics, and religion, the government, and people?

Alas for the negro if these are to be his only protectors and advocates! With politics availability is the ruling principle, and, unhappily, our religion sets out with a curse upon the negro, and only blesses him when he has the power to bless himself. The government and people will have very little to do with looking after the administration of justice in the slave States when once those States shall be fully restored to their former standing in the Union. Abundant proof of this is furnished in the history of the last thirty years. Slavery was above the Constitution,—above the law,—and above the government. It could shoot, hang, or imprison without consulting Constitution, law, or government, and will do it again unless the negro is enfranchised, and made, thereby, a man among men, a citizen among citizens. Until this is done the negro is not safe;—his freedom is but a name. Your country will be in danger, and your work as Abolitionists will not be complete. In vain are all schemes of reconstruction, restoration, and reconciliation that practically leave the negro in the legislative power of his master. They are destined, like all previous compromises, to mock and torment their inventors.

The plan of reconstruction now commended to the people for their adoption,—by omitting the one essential principle of impartial suffrage, has defeated the benevolent intentions of its framers, disappointed the just hopes of the loyal colored people all over the country, robbed American citizenship of its most valuable property, and left it an empty name. For, to tell me that I am an equal American citizen, and, in the same breath, tell me that my right to vote may be constitutionally taken from me by some other equal citizen or citizens, is to tell me that my citizenship is but an empty name. To say that I am a citizen to pay taxes, work on the roads, obey the laws, support the government, and fight the battles of the country, but, in all that respects voting and representation, I am but as so much inert matter, is to insult my manhood, and stamp the country which permits the monstrous injustice, with the crime of ingratitude.

You are right in availing yourselves of the ideas and associations that cluster gloriously about the fourth of July; for the demand, to-day, is the same old demand of 1776, and there can be no solid peace to the country, no rest to the public mind, no perfect union between the States till the government of all the States shall stand upon the principle that "all men are created equal."

Yours truly, FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

THE LA TOURETTE HOUSE.—We invite the attention of our readers in this city and Brooklyn to the card which appears in another column, announcing the La Tourette House, at Bergen Point, N. J., as now open for guests. Until invited out to this delightful retreat by a friend, a few days since, we were not aware that so pleasant and desirable a place of resort could be found as near the city. It is within three-quarters of an hour from the foot of Barclay street, by the steamer Thomas P. Way, and can be reached almost any hour by the steamer Red Jacket and the cars of the New Jersey Central Railroad. It is a first-class house, well ordered and managed by its gentlemanly proprietors, and has accommodations for about four hundred guests. It is surrounded by trees, and has about ten acres of garden and lawn, with a fine water front on the Kill Von Kull River. There are also fine opportunities for rowing and bathing. For such as cannot be long absent from the city (and for others) this is a most desirable retreat for the Summer months.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.—The great war, which has been so long impending in Europe, seems, by the latest foreign advices, to have commenced in earnest.

## PERSONAL.

Senator James H. Lane, of Kansas, committed suicide, by shooting himself, on the 2d inst.

Miss Sarah Brown, a daughter of old John Brown, has opened a school for colored children at Red Bluff, California.

Rev. John W. Chadwick, the successor of Rev. Samuel Longfellow in Brooklyn, has gone to Marblehead, Mass., to spend his Summer vacation.

Maj.-Gen. G. M. Dodge has been nominated, by the Republican Convention at Des Moines, to represent the Fifth Congressional District of Iowa as the successor of Mr. Kasson.

Hon. E. D. Culver, late U. S. minister to Venezuela, has returned to New York. It is rumored that his recall was ordered for political reasons touching "My Policy."

Moses Coit Tyler, the English correspondent of *The Independent*, is to return to this country in December, to give lectures on "England, her Greatness and her Littleness."

Rev. Henry Blanchard, of Brooklyn, has gone for the Summer, to South Lancaster, Mass., where he means to sit under a green tree and prepare for next Winter a lecture on Longfellow's poems, as a companion piece to his last Winter's lecture on Whittier's.

John Stuart Mill, in the House of Commons, on the 8th ult., presented a petition from fifteen hundred ladies of the upper and middle classes, praying for the extension of the sufferage to female resident householders. Mr. Mill gave notice that on the following Tuesday he would bring the subject before the House.

Elias Howe, the inventor and patentee of the sewing-machine needle, has declared his purpose not to apply for an extension of his patent, which runs out this year, on the ground that he has made a million and a half of dollars on it already, which he regards as fortune enough for one man.

Mr. Albert D. Richardson, of the *Tribune*, will deliver an address at the triennial jubilee of the Westfield, (Mass.) Normal School, on Thursday, July 19, when there will be a gathering of the alumni of that institution. Mr. Samuel Burnham, of Boston, will deliver a poem on the same occasion.

A letter from St. Petersburg reports that the Czar is in such fear of his life since the discovery of the conspiracy of which Korokozoff was a member, that he has shut himself up in the fortress of Cronstadt. The whole of the present system of government is to be changed, and all the men of the Milutyn party are to be removed from the administration. The Czar will, it is said, soon go to Poland.

Prof. Newman, in a private note from London, received by the last steamer, alluding to THE STANDARD, for which he subscribes, concludes by saying: "You will, then, count on receiving my next year's subscription from the 1st of January; for alas! I see no chance that you will be able to afford to die while Andrew Johnson is President. I am faithfully yours, in earnest good wishes, FRANCIS W. NEWMAN."

Mr. Toombs, says the Washington *Republican*, still avows his intention of yet calling the roll of his former slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, and defiantly asserts that the invincible giant of secession is not dead, but only taking a quiet snooze in order to invigorate himself for another and, as Mr. Toombs hopes, a more successful attempt to overthrow the government of the United States.

The Rev. Mr. Lewis, Presiding Elder of the Charleston (S. C.) District of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently went out to the Barnwell District, and preached to a large audience. He baptized eighty-four persons, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. On the following day, a gang of Confederate rioters, headed by W. Gilmore Simms, Jr., appeared at the house where he was stopping. "Are you the d—d Yankee preacher who harangued the niggers here yesterday?" quoth Simms. "Cut his throat," says another benevolent white man. "Make mince meat of him," cries another. "Show me your authority for preaching the gospel, you d—d Yankee!" exclaims another admirer of ecclesiastical order and discipline. At this point Mr. Lewis managed to get into a car and to escape to Charleston, being reserved, perhaps, for future martyrdom.

## A LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.

WE publish the following letter from a well known colored man now living in Virginia. Its touching appeal for protection and continued Anti-Slavery work may add something to the mass of evidence, daily accumulating, of the devilish spirit still animating the South:

JUNE 24, 1866.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS—*Dear Sir:* I take the privilege of writing you these few lines to let you know as best I can how things are going on here at the South. Sir, let me tell you that things are getting worse every day. The spirit of malignity that is against the colored people is growing every day; and here in Richmond they are treating the colored people like dogs, and all through the State the whites are beating and shooting them. I have it from good authority. Mr. Phillips, for the Lord's sake and for humanity's sake do what you can to help us. Sir, I tell you, all Northerners, black and white, are hated here, and are in danger from day to day; for they are just waiting for an opportunity to murder us. We can hear their threats from day to day, what they intend to do, and they tell the colored people that they, the whites, are as much reb now as ever they were, all they want is an opportunity to strike the blow. The rebs hates us because we, the colored people, are true to the government and to the Northern people, and they would kill every black man. Pray, sir, plead for the Freedmen's Bureau to stay here with us, for if that is taken away, we shall be left alone, and then we can expect nothing. If any colored persons are carried before the civil court he or they may look for nothing but to go to the Penitentiary. Their law is to kill the negro; he can have as much of that kind of law as he wants. Mr. Phillips, I hope, sir, that some means will be taken to put an end to the cruelty that is done to the colored people here. I saw a girl 30 miles from here, she lived with her old master, one Mr. ——, and his wife whipped as much skin off the girl as she could, and then took the hot Iron and burned what she could off. I wish I could bring the girl out North and let the people see for themselves what is going on here in Virginia, and if you think that I had better bring her I will do so.

Sir, I send this letter by the hands of a friend to Providence, R. I., for I find that letters are opened here when they are sent to men of distinction. You can write me sir, they are not so apt to open my letters as they would be to open one with your name.

Mr. Phillips, please to excuse me. I know you are our friend. Yours truly, ——

## NOTES FROM ABROAD.

NO. I.

ON BOARD R. M. S. CUBA, June 14th, 1866.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

WE left Boston on Wednesday, June 6th, at 1.10: p.m., and notwithstanding constant head winds, have averaged twelve knots an hour. To-morrow we shall arrive at Queenstown, from which place I shall forward to you this letter.

A voyage to Europe now by a Cunard steamship is quite a different thing from the same journey fifty years ago. Then there were nothing but sailing vessels, and at most few passengers, and poor accomodations. Now there is everything to contribute to one's comfort, and withall, plenty of company. Then a voyage consumed a month or more, and if the wind was not favorable you could make no headway whatever Now, a voyage of over ten days is considered long, and the need of wind is not felt.

Perhaps you would like to know a little about the Cunard line of steamships, of which the Cuba is a fine representation. I will tell you what I have been able to ascertain.

The "Line" comprises twelve vessels, of which the Scotia is the largest, and the America the most diminutive. The names of all end in the letter *a*, except the Australasian, which was not built by the Cunard Company.

The steamships always leave Liverpool on Saturdays, and the American side on Wednesdays. Four, the Cuba, Java, China and Australasian, are screw ships, the rest are paddle, or side-wheel. The Scotia has made the quickest time on record, having accomplished the passage from New York to Liverpool in nine days and a few hours. Among the screw boats, the China has made the quickest run. The crew of each vessel, including sailors, stewards and firemen, consists of about 140 men. There is a captain and four subordinate officers, Chief Engineer and four subordinates, Chief Steward and one subordinate, in all the ships. In some of the smaller, the number of engineers is less. In each of the steamers is a fine hose, capable of being connected with every part of the ship, a safety valve on each boiler, twelve blue lights, two cannon, two life buoys, etc., ready for instant use, in case of disaster. There are nine boats, including life boats, to each. The "Cunard Line" has been in operation twenty-five years, during which time they have never lost a life, nor a letter from their mails. In the early days of the enterprise, the "Columbia" was lost off the coast of Nova Scotia, but everything on board was saved.

A great part of this success is due to the excellent discipline maintained on board, which is almost perfection. Orders are obeyed with the greatest alacrity and precision, and the regular duties of the day are performed with exact punctuality.

Now a little with regard to this steamer itself, the "Cuba."

The Cuba is a very fine and staunch boat, very strongly built, and nearly new, having been launched in 1864. She is three hundred and fifty-three feet long, forty-two width of beam, and depth of hold twenty-nine feet, and built sharp, the constructor having evidently an eye to speed as well as comfort. The screw has a nominal capacity of five hundred and fifty horse power. The Cuba has ample accommodation for three hundred and fifty first cabin passengers. This line seldom takes any second class passengers. There is on board at the present time about two hundred passengers, which is the largest number that has left Boston for Liverpool this season. We left at Halifax about eighteen, and embarked about the same number. The passengers are from all parts of the country, there being a large number from the West and South.

There are eight newly married couple on board, going to Europe to spend the "honey-moon." One of the tables in the dining saloon is occupied entirely by Southern people, mostly from Alabama.

An incident occurred yesterday at dinner, which served to illustrate the feelings which still actuate our Southern brethren (?), and which also proved that the Northern people are not still imbued with that cringing servility to the South which once was so manifest.

When the cloth had been removed, at the suggestion of a Western gentleman, singing was commenced with "God save the Queen." It was finely rendered by a choir of gentlemen, and elicited rounds of applause. After it came in due course, the "Star Spangled Banner." When the last song was ended, the Southerners suddenly broke forth with "Dixie's Land." They had hardly sung three lines before from all the other tables came a torrent of hisses. The "chivalry," thus checked, became very angry. They cursed the Yankees, loud and deep. They swore that they had as much right to *their national air* (!) as the "damned Yankees" had to theirs; that *they* could not be put down, etc., etc. In the midst of the excitement the loyal people of the boat struck up the "John Brown" song. The noise of the clapping, hissing, etc., had attracted the attention of other Southerners who were upon the deck, and learning how affairs stood, with one accord they rushed into the saloon, and as the words

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave;
His soul is marching on,"

floated out upon the air, they joined their brethren at their table, and all hissed vigorously. But John Brown's soul was not to be stopped—it kept marching on, and finally the Southerners gave it up, and listened with suppressed indignation to the concluding verse:

"Now three cheers for the *Union* volunteers,
As they go marching on."

Thus was loyalty triumphant, and treason discomfited.

Some of the Northern people of Copperhead proclivities were foolish enough to sidle up to the "Confederates," and deplore what they termed "such an unfortunate (?) affair." But the majority of the passengers are loyal, and such *exceptions are not worthy of notice.*

With the exception of the wind, we have had a very pleasant passage.

To-day, it is as beautiful weather as could be desired. The wind has shifted round to the right quarter; the sails are all set, and we are making fourteen knots an hour. To-morrow, at about this time, if nothing happens, we shall be in Queenstown, and then in eighteen hours the Cuba will cast anchor in the "Mersey."

At this moment the saloon is filled with people, all engaged in writing home to their friends and families. Here and there a couple are playing cards or chess, but the majority are writing.

Finally, I would say, if you or any of your friends ever cross the ocean, cross it in a Cunard steamer.

You will be carried safely, swiftly and comfortably. All hail! then, to the "Cunard Line of Steam Packets."

Very truly yours, P.

AN OLD CHURCH.—The oldest church now existing in this country is situated near Smithfield, Isle of Wight county, Virginia. It was built in the reign of Charles I., between the years 1630 and 1635. The brick and lime and timber were imported from England. The timber is English oak, and was framed in England. The structure is of brick, erected in the most substantial manner. The mortar has become so hardened that it will strike fire in collision with steel.

## A CONTRAST.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

FOR the past month the papers of this city have issued bulletins, almost daily, giving information to the public with regard to the health of President Johnson's prisoner, Jefferson Davis. We have had certified accounts of how he sleeps, when he walks and where, who visits him, his weekly bill of fare, and now, this day (Saturday, June 16th) the columns of the *Herald*, *Times* and (credat Judæus) the *Tribune*, are nearly half filled with an elaborate account of his imprisonment and a resumé of his ante-mortem opinions upon leading loyalists and rebels, the right (so-called) of secession, the law of his own case, and the general condition of the country. The expression "ante-mortem" in the above sentence, is used with discretion, the anathema's upon traitors and treason formerly fulminated by President Johnson fully warranting it.

In view of the fact, that, by this time, the subject of Mr. Davis with all his wills and his ways, and what he did and what he didn't, must be pretty nearly exhausted, your correspondent ventures to suggest, that probably, for the sake of contrast, the reading public would be amused, if, in your periodical, you would permit him to set forth in juxtaposition some portion of the life of a loyal man. The bright tints of the unutterable woes of a single individual which have latterly overpowered the sombre scenes of Libby and Andersonville would be exhibited to advantage also on a background of simple cheerfulness; the stimulants of anguish and misery, too freely used, need some diluting from the sober springs of common life and toil.

For the above reasons the following sketch of the incidents of a day in the family of a working man is introduced to your notice in the hope of obtaining your approbation. Like Ben Jonson's famous couplet, if the statements do not rhyme they are truthful. Others, as well as Mr. Davis, may contrast the fare provided by Uncle Sam for his prisoners with that not unfrequently doled out to his children.

To carry out the antithesis completely, the hours of night ought also to be included, but those who work ten hours per day at hard manual labor rarely know what occurs during that period. We are told by the special correspondent of the *Tribune* "that Mr. Davis is improving in flesh since the guard has been removed from his door at night. The principal subject of this sketch declares he thinks he would sleep pretty soundly although the President ordered Gen. Grant to parade before the door of his cottage. He is a stout eight hour man, although he admits that those who do not work hard may know better how much labor is required to feed clothe, and house the world, than those whose daily toils forbid them to devote much time to mental improvement and reflection. The wife (he calls her mother) dismisses the labor question curtly, by declaring that she has to work twelve hours every day of her life and never gets done at that. What makes her do it, Mr. Davis? Not the whip—no love—her family (ten now living) is her own and cannot be taken from her against her consent. Love is stronger than fear, it makes even hard labor—light.

Monday, 4 a. m. Father rises—wakes Dick, aged thirteen, who is out of employment at present, and whose duty it is to make the fire and get things ready for mother, who soon appears on the scene preparing breakfast. Wonder who prepares Mr. Davis's breakfast—there are many who black his boots. He must be getting accustomed to look upon the faces of freemen—there are no others now. The word "freedman" ought to be expunged from Webster's Dictionary.

5 a. m. Breakfast. Fried kidney and slices of corned pork. Sole entree. Di cussed. No butter with meat—no potatoes. Mother, who is the family McCulloch, declaring potatoes are getting dearer than bread. Am informed the family had eggs for breakfast twice in the week before last—they were then 25 for 50 cents, now they are 14. Father says he supposes they are dearer because gold has gone up in Wall street. Tim, now the eldest boy, wonders how that can make the hens stop laying. Poor Tim, it is evident he is no political economist. Rye bread, wheat flour is now $16 a barrel. Dick, who hopes one day to be a farmer, asserts that brokers and bankers had nothing to do with raising last year's wheat crop. Mother adds, more's the pity—been better employed if they'd been farming. Fanny thinks that anyway money-making is better than fighting. No hero now in the family. Like many more here at the North—there's a place too many in the ranks—there's a fair-haired boy absent, he lies by the Potomac—Mr. Davis—he can never return.

With regard to the rye-bread law, there are two exceptions—one the baby, and the other Susie, a child six years of age, who, it is feared, has lost the sight of an eye by an accident a short time ago. Wheat bread is permitted to these two. The doctor ordered Susie to be well fed, consequently father brought home a pottle of strawberries for her last Saturday. The two younger ones partook with her. The elder children didn't like strawberries and would'nt touch them if there were ever so many. The writer of this don't believe the lie will be charged against them, though Dr. Cheever himself testified to the contrary. But he would'nt condemn them, for he knows the best way to ask mercy, and the surest way to obtain it, is to demand it for and dispense it to one's fellow-creatures. Mr. Davis, you have tasted once the dire effects of absolute power, and from the account given, the iron entered into your soul. Rejoice then, with us, that three hundred and fifty thousand fallible men are now for ever deprived of the legal right to inflict the same punishment upon their weaker brethren.

6. a.m. Father, eldest living son, and two daughters go forth to their work. Family earn about $35 per week. Gentlemen who live in the Fifth Avenue may consider this sum amply sufficient for a working man with a family of ten children and a wife. The *Tribune's* special correspondent says, that Mrs. Davis is in the receipt of from $500 to $1,000 per day, donations, sent by express. Mother thinks, a Grover and Baker's sewing machine would be more to the purpose if they wish Mrs. Davis to be really independent.

12 o'clock. Dinner.—Fried flanks of mutton, potatoes—(Father will have them for dinner). Dish of mush. A penny for those who eat it plain! Mem. These pennies are all placed in the hands of the above-named Secretary of the Treasury and duly go to purchase little extra's in clothing. Mother always eats mush plain, and thinks that, so eaten, it is much nicer and certainly healthier, for molasses only sours on the stomach and breeds worms. As a rule the family do not relish fat meat. Father does, he says it puts the flesh on the ribs and makes the boys strong. Reason, flank pieces of mutton can be purchased at 10 cents a pound. All, however, like the gravy of which there is plenty. Will Mr. Davis please contrast this with his bill of fare at the Hotel kept by Uncle Sam at Fortress Monroe.

3 p.m. Hullo! Here comes Tim—how pale he looks! What's the matter, Tim? Only strained himself a little lifting heavy boxes. Where are you hurt? In the groin. It was'nt the boss, it was the foreman who put Tim on the work. The boss told him to go home and keep quiet for a while. Tim thinks that he will be paid his wages while absent from du

for answer—Yes child, certainly, if he wants them But poor Tim, daunted by the above mentioned report of the committee of ways and means, is again dumb. On this, Susie, with better generalship than McClellan displayed before Richmond, proceeds to attack the other wing of the enemy, and, running up to her brother, whispers confidentially, Thay yeth—Tim! Better tactics, but alas!—the same ill-success. Father taps on the table with his knife—Supper's waiting!—Which is it to be—butter or molasses—not both. Some scowling brows amongst the little ones after the strawberry defeat. However, mother is too experienced a campaigner not to reap all the advantages of a victory. She produces two molasses cakes from the oven to finish off with. Smiles all round the table. Oh! Mr. Davis—it the men of thought in the South, such as Mr. Botts and Mr. Stephens, could only comprehend that the Northern Democratic party, which formerly betrayed them, are not now, and never again can be in power here, and if they would teach their Southern brethren that the best policy was to claim for all the people their full civil and political rights, the molasses cakes are waiting for them also, and none would offer them a full fair division of the same with kindlier feelings than their steadfast foes and firm friends the truth-speaking Abolitionists of the North. JOHN.

COMFORTABLE QUARTERS FOR JEFFERSON DAVIS—HE HAS ALL THE LUXURIES OF THE SEASON.

FORTRESS MONROE, Tuesday, June 19, 1866.

In the recently handsomely fitted-up casemate at Fortress Monroe, for the accomodation of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis and their family, they are now living very comfortably and pleasantly. Their numerous friends furnish him with all the various luxuries of the season, and the government is stinting nothing to make their residence at the seaside, during the Sumner season, as agreeable as possible. The relaxation by the military authorities of the restraints upon the movements of Mr. Davis is having a very beneficial effect upon his health.

## *GEN. STEEDMAN AND OTHERS.*

BOSTON, June 18, 1866.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

IN January, 1864, I accompanied Gen. Steedman, who is now inspecting the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau, on a raid into Alabama. At one house where we stopped I found a copy of a Mobile paper, and cut the enclosed slip from it:

[We omit, on account of the pressure of other matter, the letter enclosed by our correspondent, which, after praising Gen. Forrest, berating President Lincoln, prating in the old way of Northern infidelity, and eulogizing slavery, concludes by saying: "We need fear nothing. God is with the South. I don't believe any man a Christian, in the full acceptation of the term, whose conscience and religion do not approve African servitude as it exists at the South."]

It seems to me worthy of a place in your Pro-Slavery column, because of its spirit; and into your journal because of the hope it ought to inspire. Why should we despond? Read this letter, written in earnest, published in earnest, received in earnest—remember that it is but little over two years since it first appeared, and then tell us whether it does not mark a moral progress so great that we should see no cause for lamentation.

Let me say a few words about Gen. Steedman. He belongs, honestly and heartily, to the President's party. He has gone so far and no farther, and therefore he is neither a traitor nor a renegade. The same views which we denounce in the President to-day, the General advocated, privately and vehemently, three years ago. I regretted and combatted these views then, as I do now; but neither then nor since have I seen cause to brand either the President or the General as a traitor. Butler alone excepted, I know none of our generals who were so "rough" on traitors as this same Steedman. Gen. Saxton was as true as Wendell Phillips is; yet neither of these eminent men ever hated a rebel. Their culture and character forbade hate. But Steedman was a terrible hater. Now, don't let us forget his past services in criticising his Reports. If *he* is not just, we can well afford to be. And, although I do not come forward to defend Gen. Steedman, I feel impelled in justice to say that the same Reports which he gave from North Carolina were made to me by men whom he did not see—men of unquestionable veracity, whose labors were among the negroes, and who are as much devoted to their cause as you or I. To one of these gentlemen I said: "It is only the Radicals who support the Bureau in the North." He answered: "If the Radicals knew how the Bureau is conducted in this State they would *not* support it." I heard many stories in that State which staggered my faith in the utility of the Bureau.

It was only when I reached South Carolina, and found how faithfully and well Gen. Saxton guarded the rights of the negroes that I yielded my fast-growing belief that the Bureau had better be abolished—*in the interest of the freedmen.*

Again, I believe that there are several States in which it would be better for all parties, black and white, for the Bureau to be abolished. How is it in Alabama, for example, and Arkansas, and Georgia, as a whole? If half the stories I have heard are true—stories told by Anti-Slavery men—the Bureau in those States is an ally of the rebels.

Gen. Saxton is removed, Conway is removed, Brown holds his office by discreet silence only, Gregory seems to have been a God-send, forwarded by mistake through the devil's express. Who is Howard? Oh, shame! that Republican papers assailed Johnson's message as a "whitewashing" document, and did not dare to hurl indignation at the infinitely worse Report of Howard, the most unmanly "Pub. Doc." of the session. Johnson has a certain brutal courage which entitles him to respect; but Howard seems willing to lose his character rather than his place.

Who is Fullerton? The breaker-up of Orphan Asylums? No; he was a tool only. It was Gen. O. O. Howard, and he only; because, while Head of the Bureau, he tolerated that iniquitous and worse than heathen outrage. Fullerton was *his* subordinate. When has the rule come into operation that we shall punish subordinates and let chiefs go free?

Is Steedman to be blamed for slurring Saxton? I think so, because he entirely overlooked the noble spirit and genuine achievements of that General. But if we strike at Steedman, let us in justice hit Howard with the same whip. *He* knew, and well knew, that neither Col. Brown, nor Whittlesey, nor Osborne, nor any other officer of his, was entitled to the credit which Saxton had honestly earned; and yet, in his annual Report, *Gen. Saxton is the only Commissioner whom he did not praise.* When he was in South Carolina he advised Gen. Saxton to resign, although he found no fault in him; because, he said, "the President wished to remove him, but was afraid of the Radicals."

Now, as your space is limited, why not rather let these, our consistent opponents, Gens. Steedman and Fullerton, go free, and apply the lash to Howard and to Congress, and to Wilson in particular? I confess I can see no reason why we ought not to have more respect for the President than "the majority in Congress." Have they enfranchised the colored people in the District of Columbia? Have they not handed the negroes over to the tender mercies of the rebels as summarily as the President proposed to do? Do they do anything but talk about the rights of the black loyalists? We want action. And, judged by their fruits, what have we to thank them for? Colorado—the Trojan horse; nothing but mischief.

I confess that I have little faith in the Bureau, and still less in Congress. Our chief hope lies in universal education and the establishment of a free press in the South. Yours, JAMES REDPATH.

P. S.—I sent for this letter, after I had mailed it to you, because I found that I had omitted to show, without possibility of misinterpretation, that I believed that the Commissioners had done a great wrong to Gen. Saxton. At the same time, I wished to add, that in my opinion, "the President's spies," as you call them, have rendered a valuable service to the Bureau. It won't do, my dear sir, to defend Bureau officers who cultivate plantations. This fact NECESSARILY identifies their interests with the planters. This is not an opinion formed in my library; it is the result of my observations in the field. Let me add emphatically, since I see that you have praised Gen. Whittlesey, that this opinion was forced on me in NORTH CAROLINA and that I believe that you are entirely in error respecting the Anti-Slavery character of that officer. In my opinion he should have been discharged long ago. For, either he is no friend of the negro, or he is an inefficient officer. Teachers and others in North Carolina give evidence on this point too emphatic to be slighted. And I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears too much that sickened me in North Carolina to be willing to reverse my impressions even in the face of your kindly mention of Gen. Whittlesey.

It is not the Bureau that protects the negro: *it is the presence of the military forces.* I fear that our future history will show that the Anti-Slavery people erred in consenting to the existence of the Bureau beyond the end of the war. Why? It is a compromise. It is not a patronage that the negro wants, but justice. Enact Impartial Suffrage and the Bureau may safely be abolished. But while it exists, timid Republicans will gladly avail themselves of it to quiet their consciences and constituencies. If John A. Andrews or Robert Dale Owen—not to speak of Garrison or Schurz—if tried men only and true friends of the negro were at the head of it, the Bureau might just'y claim for a time our enthusiastic support. But as it is, I confess I know too much about it to be a partisan of it. It seems to me either madness or cowardice to push it through against the President's will. For—and this fact, although the vital fact, is entirely overlooked—it can be made, in the hands of bad men, as mischievous a power *against* the freedmen as, in other hands, it might be made a potent agency in elevating him. But it is the President alone who has the nominating power. Every removal that has been made has been for the worse, excepting when, by accident, an honest man, as I understand Gen. Scott is, accidentally succeeded a Saxton. Since I sent for this letter, I have learned that Gregory has been nominally promoted but really removed from Texas. Why, then, this anxiety to save the Bureau? I can understand why Connecticut Republicans should wish to preserve it, but not why Abolitionists should trouble themselves about it. For myself, I thanked God when Mr. Johnson vetoed the Bureau bill and quoted Emerson's couplet:

"When half-gods go
The gods arrive."

In the hands of Johnson how long will even a half-god remain semi-divine? Hardly longer than the present session of Congress, I take it!

One word more. You were not just in casting a slur on Gen. Steedman's courage. I know his record. I have seen him under fire. There is no fear in him. A braver man never marshalled a corps. I am sorry he is a Democrat; but, he is young enough yet to live to repent. Yours, J. R.

## *VASSAR COLLEGE.*

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

THE semi-annual meeting of the Vassar College Philalethean Society was held on Tuesday evening, June 26th, the close of the College year. The various literary productions were characterized by earnestness of thought, keenness of wit and satire, elegance of expression and graceful delivery. Especially worthy of notice were the essay on "The Stars," by Miss Blatchley, of New Haven, and the essay on "Popular Fallacies," by Miss Owens, of Hamilton, O. The latter contained a very clever satire upon the popular estimate of woman's intellectual capacity. A beautiful feature of the entertainment was a Colloquy between Truth, Harmony, and Discord, admirably conceived, and written by Miss Stilson, of Nunda, N. Y., and finely rendered by several members of the Society.

After the literary exercises, followed a collation in the spacious hall of the College, and the last hours were spent in the exchange of greetings and farewells. The first year of the College has been in every way a success, and promises much for the future. Mr. Vassar has lived to see the beginning of the noble end of his munificence.

## *TO THE FRIENDS OF IMPARTIAL RIGHTS!*

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

SIR: An energetic *Abolitionist* monthly journal is required in our city. To supply this want I commenced *The Temple of Opinions.* The three numbers I have issued exhibit the merits of my attempt to establish a monthly medium for the advocacy of *impartial* rights. My efforts require a fund of $3,000 to sustain them for twelve months. Afterwards the journal will be self-supporting. Donations of $5 and upwards from friends will raise the fund easily, without pressing heavily upon any one person. Those who cannot afford a donation, I request to subscribe $2, for one copy, and persuade their friends to do the same. Donations have been received from Lieut.-Gov. Claflin, Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith, George Bliss, W. S. Sewell, J. B. Wright, C. E. Detmold, and other friends. *The Temple* will enable me to make known progressive thought in dark places. I am working hard to popularize Abolition and Impartial Rights sentiments. Documents in favor of such I print without abridgement in *The Temple.* Avoiding personalities and vulgarity, but being bold, explicit, and consistent, I hope to make *The Temple* a valuable adjunct to your STANDARD and the *Commonwealth.* I ask your readers to send me their assistance. Many mites devour a big cheese, many small sums can raise a *Temple* devoted to thought, knowledge, and refinement. A *temple* that shall be religious but not bigoted, truthful, determined, and gentlemanly, worshipping *manliness* but not priests, monarchies, nor Presidents. Respectfully,

W. W. BROOM.

No. 79 John Street, N. Y.

## *THE FREEDMEN.*

CONTINUATION OF SLAVERY IN MARYLAND.

GEN. HOWARD of the Freedmen's Bureau, says the New York *Tribune*, has just received a report from Capt. S. N. Clark, an Inspector of the Bureau, of its operations in St. Mary's and Calvert Counties, Md. Capt. Clark reports matters in a very unsettled condition. The most encouraging feature is the fact that a considerable number of colored people residing in the above named counties are owners and lessees of lands. The wages paid laborers are, for women $5 per month, for men $18, and $12, with rations and quarters. Notwithstanding the negroes work well, yet a bitter feeling still exists between the two races. No schools for the freedmen have yet been established, the white citizens being unwilling to countenance them. The most general complaint among the freed people is concerning the loose manner in which their children are bound out. Over 500 children have been apprenticed since last November, and some planters have as many as 10 children bound to them. A Mrs. R. D. Sollars, living in Calvert County, has 3 colored children bound to her, one of whom she hires out to a doctor, receiving compensation for its services. The provisions of the Civil Rights bill are entirely disregarded.

Judge Wm. H. Tuck, at the May term of the Criminal Court of Calvert County, *sentenced five men to be sold into slavery for periods ranging from six to eighteen months.* Isaac Skinner, one of the five, was charged with stealing a pocket-book valued at one dollar. He was sentenced to be sold into slavery for a period of one year. Oliver Smith and Ben. Mackall were charged with stealing a lot of tobacco, and were sentenced to be sold into slavery for a term of eighteen months. The others were charged with similar thefts. On the 28th of last May the sentences of the Judge were carried into effect, the five colored men put upon the auction-block and sold by the Sheriff to the highest bidder. Skinner was bought by one John Hofford for £54. On the 26th of last March a colored man, named Philip Forbes, and his wife Harriet, got into some difficulty with their employer, one John H. Farmer, who shot and mortally wounded Forbes and seriously wounded his wife. Farmer escaped, but afterward delivered himself up to the authorities. He was put under $300 bail, and when he appeared at court there were no white witnesses against him, so he was set free.

Superintendent Tomlinson reports 75 schools in South Carolina, with 9,017 pupils, and an average attendance of 6,574. There are 148 teachers, of whom 53 are natives and 50 colored. One other school, from which there were no returns, would swell the number of pupils to 10,000. The interest of the colored people in the schools continues unabated, and that of the white people is growing; yet there are some places where it is said no school could be established nor tolerated after the garrison has been withdrawn. A very successful public examination of the colored school held in the Normal School building took place in Charleston, May 30th.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 121 Nassau street, New York, will supply THE STANDARD to news dealers and others in or out of the city.

## A TRIBUTE.

BY A. S.

WITHIN the darkened chamber,
Beside the cold, still bed,
Speaking in reverent whispers,
Moving with soundless tread,
To the uplifted spirit
Dear forms and voices come
From that assembled household
In the unclouded Home.

They come for one blest moment
To breathe their glad "Well done"
Over a time-course ended,
A high race not yet run;
To lay their hands in blessing
On that majestic brow,
Which Truth's immortal nimbus
Encircles even now.

Those eyes, long time accustomed
To the celestial light,
Upon that earth-clad spirit
Detect no earthly blight;
Still as the "elder brother"
He stands before their view—
To their life's law of progress
His lofty life still true.

O, happy, happy mother!
At Heaven's gate meekly proud;
The martyrs of all ages
To give thee welcome crowd!
All who have toiled and suffered,
Led by the Sinless One,
Advance to greet and bless thee
For thy illustrious son.

The holy Hebrew Mary
And all that mother band
Who, by the cross or scaffold,
On pyre were called to stand,
Hail thee with exultation
At the world's onward way—
*One who for Truth ne'er faltered*
*Speaks still for Truth to-day!*

Boston, June, 1866.

## *LITERARY.*

A letter from Paris announces that Lamartine's "Memoirs" will soon appear.

Victor Hugo's new work, "Ninety-Three," is finished, and will soon be published in ten volumes. It is reported that the price paid for this work was one hundred thousand dollars.

There is a paper published in Paris—the *Journal des Sevants*—which is two hundred years old, having been established in January, 1665. It is one of the most able and successful organs of science in the world.

NEW PHYSIOGNOMY OR *Signs of Character* is the title of a new work by Prof. Samuel B. Wells, Editor of the *Phrenological* Journal. We shall speak of it more at length hereafter. It contains 768 pages and is handsomely printed. Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway.

The new edition of the King of Saxony's German translation of Dante has been finished by the publication of the third volume, "Das Paradies." His annotations are said to place the royal commentator in the first rank of Dante scholars.

*Blackwood* for June (reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co.) contains Ginevra Da Siena; Sir Brook Fosbrook—Part XIII.; Life of Steele; Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence—Conclusion; A Man's a Man for a' that; The Permissive Bill; The Political Crisis.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for July contains "Carrie's Shipwreck," by T. W. Higginson; "The Squirrels that live in a House," by Mrs. Stowe; "Among the Studios," by T. B. Aldrich; "The Children of the Flood," by Elsie Fuller, and other articles, illustrated and full of interest. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The *Radical* for July is an excellent number. It has articles on "Naturalism," by Rev. Samuel Johnson; "The Chase" (Poetry), by A. Bronson Alcott; "A Whitsuntide Wreath," by Rev. Moncure D. Conway; "The Boston Revival and its Leader," by Charles K. Whipple; "The 'Positive Point' of Unitarianism," by the Editor; etc., Boston: A. Williams & Co.

The *Friend* for July is on our table, Edward S. Bunker, Editor. It has good articles on "The Future of the Society of Friends," by the Editor; a continuation of "The Four Gospels;" "The Religious Government of the Society of Friends," and other matter of an interesting character. The Friend Association, 131 William street, New York.

Lord Lyttleton's copyright bill, now pending in the British Parliament, proposes to give to the author (being a British subject or resident within the Queen's dominions) of any novel, poem, or other work of fiction, the copyright of which shall not have been sold before the bill passes, the sole right of dramatising the work for his life, and (the right being transferable) for seven years after his death.

The Master of the Rolls in England has applied to the Lords of the Treasury for permission to extend his researches among the early chronicles from MSS. to printed books, some of the latter being almost as rare as MSS. The Lords have consented to the change, but recommend that the sum annually granted by Parliament for the publication be reduced from £3,000 to £2,000.

*Littell's Living Age*, Fourth series. No. 13 has the following table of contents:

Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, *Quarterly Review*; To Esther, *Cornhill Magazine*; Father Prout, *Pall Mall Gazette*; Nemesis, *Punch*; Professor Silliman, *Evangelist*; Ethics of Quotation, *Athenæum*; Ecce Homo, *Examiner*; Visions of Hell, *Spectator*; Pioneers of France in the New World, *Spectator*; The French Emperor and 1815, *Saturday Review*; History Anticipated, *Examiner*; Literary matters in Germany, *Transcript*.

Published every Saturday by Littell, Son & Co., Boston.

The *Herald of Health* for July begins a new volume. Besides its usual variety of matter on Physical Culture and the cure of disease, this number contains original articles from Horace Greeley, Theodore Tilton, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, W. H. Burleigh, Dr. J. G. Webster, F. Beecher Perkins, G. W. Bungay and others. It also contains an original letter from Jeremiah Day, ex-President of Yale College, now 94 years old, which should be read by all who would know how, by good habits, this man has lived so long. This magazine begins its new volume with 16 additional pages. Its motto is: A higher type of manhood, physically, morally and intellectually. $2 a year, 20 cts. a number. The seven numbers of this year, now ready, sent as samples for 70 cents. Address Miller, Wood & Co., 15 Laight Street, New York City.

The *Saturday Review*, in its article on French Literature, has the following brief notice of Renan's "Les Apôtres:"

M. Renan's second work on the origin of Christianity cannot be expected to create the same amount of sensation as the first. The author's principles of criticism are now thoroughly known, and in discussing the labors of the Apostles, he only carries out the ideas applied by him in his former treatise. It would, therefore, be needless to do more here than mention the publication of "Les Apôtres," were it not that M. Renan has taken the opportunity of expressing in his new volume his views of proselytism and of religious teaching. Let each one, he advises, remain quiet and comfortable in the church where fate, providence, or his own intellectual tastes have placed him; from that point of observation let him enjoy the amusing and exciting spectacle afforded by the evolutions of our sublunary world; but, for God's sake, never let him step out with the idea of gaining converts. Such a course would be in direct opposition to the rules of cultivated dilettantism. It would be easy to illustrate this doctrine of M. Renan's by a number of quotations from his work; it is equally easy to show that it involves more than one totally unwarrantable assumption. It means, in the first place, that truth has no claims whatever upon us; and, in the second, that men are, and always will be, the slaves of prejudice. Now it strikes us that if a man, after considerable study and mental exertion, has succeeded in attaining what he deliberately believes to be the truth, he is in duty bound not to keep it for himself, but to impart it to his fellow-creatures. This is so evident that M. Renan practically contradicts his own theory when he comes to explain the spread of Christianity throughout the Roman empire. One of the best chapters of the volume is that in which the author describes the state of the heathen world at the time of the Apostles; but even that part is disfigured by perpetual allusions to our own time, and by hints that the imperial *régime* is, after all, the best for philosophers and scholars.

A NEW VOLUME.—The *Phrenological Journal* for July, No. 1, Vol. 44, contains forty illustrations, portraits of distinguished statesmen, clergymen, soldiers, criminals, etc., as follows: CHARACTER AND BIOGRAPHY.—Great statesmen, Webster, Talleyrand, Clinton, Metternich, Jefferson, Cavour, Peel, O'Connell and Russell; also, Buckle the historian, Antoine Probst, Thomas Raffles, D.D., LL.D., Lieut.-Gen. Scott, with excellent portraits. EMINENT AMERICAN CLERGYMEN.—Albert Barnes, Isaac Ferris, Charles Hodge, Andrew L. Stone, Thomas E. Vermilye, Leonard Bacon, Horace Bushnell, D.D., Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D., LL.D., Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore L. Cuyler, Richard S. Storrs, Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, with medallion portraits. OUR SOCIAL RELATIONS.—The Servant Question; Our Model Society; Manhood and Womanhood; A Little Office of Trust; How to Punish a Child. PHYSIOLOGY.—Feeding Children; To Young Mothers. SIGNS OF CHARACTER.—Physiognomy of Statesmen; The New Dictionary, with Engravings; National Characteristics; The Tonga Islanders; Æsop's Fables; The Law of Quality; Buckle's History of Civilization; Intellect, North and South; To-Day, a Poem; The Great Mystery; Fruit Culture; Another Prophecy; Female Suffrage; Teach Children to Think; Milton's Last Poem; Learned Nonsense; Soldiering and Crime. A rich number, 20 cents, or $2 a year. Address, Fowler and Wells, New York.

NEW MUSIC.—Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, has published "Gen. Scott's Funeral March," by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst, author of the popular Funeral march in memory of President Lincoln; "Looking Forward," words by Frances L. Keeler, music by Mrs. Parkhurst; "I'll Marry no Man if he Drinks," by Mrs. Parkhurst; "Told in the Twilight," words by T. Johnson, music by Augustus A. Crilley; "Sunlight Polka Brilliant," by Mrs. Parkhurst; "The May Waltz," by Alfred Mellon; and "Oh, you must be a Lover of the Lord," words by Dr. Watts, arranged by Mrs. Parkhurst.

A WHITE MAN POLISHING A BLACK MAN'S BOOTS.—A singular spectacle was seen in Meriden, Conn., the other day, the result of a wager on the result of the State election last April. The Democratic nominee for representative, W. P. Morgan, bet George Hodge, barber (colored), that English would be elected Governor, and agreed to black the latter's boots, in a public place, if he should be defeated. Morgan was "up to time," like a man. A box, such as the boys use at all the railroad stations, was sent from Hartford for the occasion, and Mr. M. went to work. He displayed much artistic talent, and was loudly cheered by the crowd who were present. Mr. Hodge occasionally pointed out some part of the boots which he thought needed a little more blackening, and Mr. Morgan cheerfully put it on. The task being finished, Mr. Morgan indulged in the joke,—"It is as I told you it would be if Hawley was elected, you would see white men polishing black men's boots; and if English was elected, you would see black men blacking white men's boots." Three cheers were given for Morgan, he having faithfully performed his duty, and three more were given for Gov. Hawley. The brush and blacking-box were then offered for sale. They brought three dollars.—*Commonwealth.*

"Can you see anything in my eye?—it feels very sore!" asked a lazy, good-for-nothing student of Oliver Wendel Holmes. "I can see a very bad pupil," was the reply of the Professor, who never likes to be funny when he has his professional garments on.

## American Anti-Slavery Society.

*Acknowledgments for the Standard from May 1 to July 1.*

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| 1410 J. D. Teel | 6 00 |
| 1380 Capt. F. Howes | 1 50 |
| 1354 Anna B. Stuart | 50 |
| 1407 Peter M. Sherwood | 3 00 |
| 1389 Edwin Seeger | 3 00 |
| 1368 George Wright | 3 00 |
| 1386 Isaac Harding | 3 00 |
| 1404 James A. Wright | 6 00 |
| 1404 Elias Richards | 6 00 |
| 1405 C. H. Ellis | 3 00 |
| 1406 William Adams | 3 00 |
| 14 4 James Redpath | 3 00 |
| 1404 Lieut. R. Myers | 3 00 |
| 1404 Joseph Childs | 3 00 |
| 1404 Rhoda Corbin | 3 00 |
| 1389 J. Towne | 3 00 |
| 1390 Robert Maguire | 10 00 |
| 1388 E. C. Warrington | 3 00 |
| 1411 William Norton | 6 00 |
| 1356 Paul Tomlinson | 2 00 |
| 1398 Sarah Heston | 3 00 |
| 1386 Annariah Mayo | 10 50 |
| 1370 Eliza J. Kenney | 1 00 |
| 1374 Asabee Tillottson | 3 00 |
| 1421 William E. Kelley | 10 00 |
| 1406 Phebe Jackson | 3 00 |
| 1406 William J. Pabodie | 3 00 |
| 1352 Reuben Baker | 1 50 |
| 1386 George A. Blakely | 6 00 |
| 1350 C. L. Reason | 6 50 |
| 1348 E. O. Beale | 6 00 |
| 1415 Horace Dresser | 3 00 |
| 1412 John Cooper | 5 00 |
| 1365 John Williams | 3 00 |
| 1404 Rev. H. P. Crozier | 6 00 |
| 1405 E. A. Lawrence | 3 00 |
| 1381 Peter Eaton | 1 50 |
| 1406 A. J. Grover | 6 00 |
| 1378 A. M. Durfee | 3 00 |
| 1379 Dr. J. L. Clarke | 3 00 |
| 1372 M. A. Jeffries | 1 00 |
| 1334 Moses Joy | 3 00 |
| 1356 L. S. Cadwallader | 3 00 |
| 1334 E. J. Johnson | 3 00 |
| 1402 Mary A. Willoughby | 3 00 |
| 1379 David Van Deusen | 1 50 |
| 1476 Frederick Douglass | 10 00 |
| 1398 Mercantile Library | 5 75 |
| 1406 Darman Bridgeman | 3 00 |
| 1406 Eli Cole | 3 00 |
| 1364 Robert Wilson | 3 00 |
| 1404 A. G. P. Segur | 3 00 |
| 1406 Rebecca Shapter | 3 00 |
| 1408 William Barnes | 3 00 |
| 1372 E. D. Smith | 3 00 |
| 1386 Mrs. L. G. Jarvis | 3 00 |
| 1386 Charles Stackhouse | 6 00 |
| 1383 T. B. McCormick | 3 00 |
| 1404 W. R. Hallowell | 6 00 |
| 1408 John Marshall | 3 00 |
| 1448 L. C. P. Freer | 6 00 |
| 1408 David Petit | 3 00 |
| 1404 Reuben Farville | 3 00 |
| 1404 Zenus Brockett | 3 00 |
| 14 4 H Cromwell | 6 00 |
| 1386 Alban Cutler | 3 00 |
| 1378 S. P. Lilley | 3 00 |
| 1405 Mrs. S. H. Young | 3 00 |
| 1405 Christopher Prince | 3 00 |
| 1408 Mrs. E. D. Lucas | 3 00 |
| 1408 E. D. Draper | 3 00 |
| 1437 Spaulding Boynton | 3 00 |
| 1408 Philip E. Wheeler | 3 00 |
| 1408 Mrs. M. A. G. Otis | 3 00 |
| 1404 J. H. Van Doorn | 3 00 |
| 1408 Dr. Samuel L. Young | 3 00 |
| 1357 N. Aiken | 3 00 |
| 1404 Female A. S. Society, Weymouth, Mass. | 6 00 |
| 1408 Frank L. Haskell | 3 00 |
| 1382 Dr. Peleg Clark | 1 50 |
| 1408 William Chase | 3 00 |
| 1408 Dr. James Dow | 3 00 |
| 13 8 Susan H. Talbot | 1 00 |
| 1408 Elizabeth Peabody | 3 00 |
| 1408 Briggs Arnold | 3 00 |
| 1408 Henry Damon | 3 00 |
| 1408 Benjamin Breed | 3 00 |
| 1408 Elijah Hobart | 3 00 |
| 1408 Mary L. Richmond | 3 00 |
| 1409 Josiah Hayward, Jr. | 3 00 |
| 1382 Lucy E. Weston | 1 50 |
| 1382 C. B. McIntire | 1 50 |
| 1404 S. A. Jenks | 6 00 |
| 1402 William McDougall | 6 00 |
| 1391 Isaac Kirk | 3 00 |
| 1374 F. J. Jones | 1 50 |
| 1392 L. G. Perry | 3 00 |
| 1413 Benjamin Ballard | 5 00 |
| 1405 Alfred H. Love | 6 00 |
| 1396 Mark Brooks | 6 00 |
| 1351 B. C. Lyman | 3 25 |
| 1406 J. K. Bartlett | 3 00 |
| 1406 Miss Nice | 3 00 |
| 1382 H. W. Blumhurd | 1 50 |
| 1373 Mrs. J. B. Archibald | 1 00 |
| 1371 F. Donaldson

# Miscellaneous Department.

## HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

The monarch, glittering with the pomp of state,
Wears the same flesh as those that die of hunger;
Like them the worm shall be his loathsome mate,
When he resigns his glory to a younger.

The beauty, worshipped by the limner's eye,
On whom a hundred suitors gaze admiring,
Is sister to the hag, deformed, awry,
Who gathers in the road her scanty firing.

The scholar, glorying in the stamp of Mind,
Master of all the wisdom Time has hoarded,
Is brother to the lumpish, untaught mind,
Whose vulgar name will perish unrecorded.

Therefore, let human sympathies be strong,
Let each man share his welfare with his neighbor;
To the whole race Heaven's bounteous gifts belong,
None may live idly while his fellow labors.

—*All the Year Round.*

## *AMERICAN ARTISTS IN EUROPE.*

THE WORKS OF MISS HOSMER, MRS. AND MISS FREEMAN, MISS FOLEY, MISS LEWIS, MISS STEBBINS AND MISSES WILLIAMS—BOUGHTON AND BIERSTADT.

THE London *Art Journal* for June is, as usual, full of interesting matter. A detailed criticism of the paintings on exhibition at the Royal Academy and at the French *Palais de l'Industrie;* a continuation of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's sketches of eminent English authors; a review of Cassell's new illustrated "Gulliver's Travels," with specimen engravings; part third of a history of the manufactory of glassware, with illustrations; and a variety of miner articles, make up the number.

American readers will feel an especial interest in what is said by the Rome correspondent of the *Art Journal* about some of our countrywomen who are winning fame abroad as artists.

The writer thus speaks of

MISS HOSMER.

Of Miss Hosmer, an American lady, it is unnecessary to say much, so well known is this clever artist to the British as well as to the American public. She arrived in Rome about twelve or thirteen years since, and studied for some time under the great master Gibson, of whom she was a favorite pupil. One of the first, if not the first, of her sex who adopted the profession of sculptor in the Eternal City, Miss Hosmer excited not a little curiosity, and later as much admiration, by the elegance of her designs and the cleverness of her execution. Her "Puck" on a mushroom, which has been often repeated, was one of her earliest successes. "Zenobia" added much to her reputation; but to our mind none of her works has greater or so much merit as her "Sleeping Faun." The ease of position, the perfect abandon of the figure are wonderfully given, and we are half disposed to step lightly lest we may disturb the slumber so graphically described. At present Miss Hosmer is modelling, as a companion to it, the "Waking Faun." A youngster of the same family is seated on the ground by his side, and taking advantage of the somnolency of his parent, has managed to bind him; but the Faun suddenly awakes, breaks his bonds, and seizes the young delinquent by the hair. Another work now nearly completed, by the same artist, is a fountain, a commission for Lady Marianne Alford, who was one of the first to appreciate and patronize Miss Hosmer. The basin of the fountain is formed of a series of large shells, from the centre of which rises a pedestal bearing on the summit a Syren. Round the base of the pedestal are three water-sprites, seated on dolphins, each little chubby face being turned upwards, or in a listening attitude, to catch a glimpse of the being who is discoursing such sweet melody. Graceful in design, the entire group, so far as we can judge of it in its present state, bids fair to be one of the most finished works of the fair artist.

Although born in England, her marriage in this country and social relations entitle us to have some claim on

MRS. FREEMAN.

Twenty years of her life have been spent in Rome, eight or nine of which have been devoted to sculpture in the round. Her *genre* is that of "Putti" (children), and as if to supply the want of that which has been denied her, she throws all the tenderness of her woman nature into the pretty marble statuettes and heads which she creates. Who that has seen it will forget her "Sleeping Nelly," an idea taken from that inimitable character in Dickens in the "Old Curiosity Shop?" Poor, deserted Nelly, deserted by all but Providence, lies extended on her rough mattress, while guardian angels are watching at her pillow! This, one of her earliest works, is in the possession of Mr. Terry. Very similar in character are the "Princes Sleeping in the Tower," all unconscious of the danger which menaces them, a group executed for Mr. Bowring. Pretty little statuettes too, an ideal and portrait heads have been made by Mrs. Freeman; but her *capo lavoro*, perhaps, is a vase, not a commission, intended to be caste in bronze. In twenty-four figures in relief she describes a Bacchanalian feast, all of them children frolicking in the full gaity of youth, some dancing, some playing on musical instruments. Vine leaves and grapes fill up the intervals, while the pedestal is formed of three children who appear to have yielded to the soporific influences of the jolly god.

MISS FREEMAN.

Miss Freeman, a relative of the lady of whom we have just spoken, is a recent arrival in Rome, and we can speak of her, therefore, only in the language of hope. Yet she has executed, or is executing, two ideal works which merit commendation. One is an Indian musician, taken from Longfellow's "Hiawatha." He has a flute in his left hand, the notes of which are suspended, while he listens to the music among the reeds. Another work is a half figure of Saldaphon, also taken from Longfellow, catching the sounds of prayer as they arrive from earth and converting them into flowers.

Miss Freeman is an American citizen by birth, as is

MISS FOLEY,

whose *genre* is portrait or ideal heads in relief. This lady, who has now been four years in Rome, began life as a teacher in a school. Some of the girls brought her one day a number of "clay stone," from one of which she cut the head of an Indian, that created a great sensation; it was thus the germ of her talent was developed and her path in life determined. Her first efforts were made as a sculptress of round; afterwards she devoted herself to cutting cameos, and to this she owes perhaps the great delicacy and precision which mark all her works. She has executed many heads, ideal or portraits, among the former of which particularly to be noted is a very fine head of Jeremiah, in illustration of the passage, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" It has been ordered by some ladies in New York for a mural ornament in a church. A medallion head of a young girl of Albano has been executed by Miss Foley nine times. The Zanoni of Bulwer is another of her *chef d' œuvres*, and she has just returned from America with casts of heads of Longfellow, Sumner, W. C. Bryant, and Julia Ward Howe, which she is commissioned to execute in marble. A beautiful group, already designed, will be Christ and the Sparrow, taken from Longfellow's "Golden Legend." Miss Foley's portraits are remarkable not only for their fidelity, but for that delicacy of finish which woman alone perhaps can give.

MISS LEWIS—THE COLORED ARTIST.

From the same country as Miss Hosmer is Miss Edmonia Lewis, a colored lady, whose sex, extreme youth and color invite our warmest sympathies. Born of an Indian mother and a negro father, she passed the first twelve years of her life in the wilds, fishing, hunting, swimming, and making moccasins. Her love of sculpture was first shown on her seeing a statue of Franklin. "I will make something like that," she said to a benevolent gentleman who engaged an artistic friend in New York to permit her to visit his studio. Then she had some clay given her, and the model of an infant's foot, which she imitated so well as to merit praise and encouragement. "I often longed to return to the wilds," she said, "but my love of sculpture forbade it;" and here she is alone, a simple girl of twenty-three years of age, struggling against the prejudice entertained towards her race, and competing with the finished masters of the art. As she has been here only two months, she has not much to show. A bust of Col. Shaw, who commanded the first colored regiment ever formed, is a meritorious work, and has been ordered by the family of the brave Colonel who died fighting for his country. Another bust, of Mr. Dionysius Lewis of New York, is nearly completed as a commission. The first ideal work of our young artist is a freed woman falling on her knees, and with clasped hands and uplifted eyes thanking God for the blessings of liberty. She has not forgotten her people, and this early dedication of her genius to their cause is honorable to her feelings. Two other groups, the design of which are taken from Longfellow's Minnehaha, are nearly modelled. They represent first Hiawatha coming to the wigwam of his love, and laying down a deer at her feet, in token of an offer of marriage; and secondly, Hiawatha leading away his chosen bride: "So hand in hand they went."

MISS STEBBINS.

Miss Stebbins is another of our fair cousins from across the Atlantic. She first visited Rome eight years ago without any intention of pursuing art as a profession, but the *genius loci* overpowered her, and now she is one of her most graceful lady artists.

THE MISSES WILLIAMS.

The Misses Williams are spending their fourth Winter in Rome, transferring to the canvas the pretty sketches which they have made during their travels in Southern Italy and Sicily. A view of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples is a faithful picture of that transcendently lovely landscape. Capri from the Pine Grove of Massa rises up in all the majesty of its beauty. There are several large and striking views of and from Taurominia, in Sicily, which intensify the desire of the wanderer to see with his own eyes the bold, and at the same time lovely scenery of that bewitching island. The interior of an Italian kitchen is clean, and perhaps might awaken a curiosity to try its delicacies. But in no paintings have the two American sisters succeeded so well as in the representation of their majestic rivers, little enclosed peeps, embowered in woods which are blushing with the rich coloring of the deep autumnal tints.

BOUGHTON AND BIERSTADT.

George H. Boughton has two small pictures in the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. They are noticed in complimentary terms by the art critics. The *Times* remarks that "Wayside Devotion" is full of "unexaggerated pathos and piety;" the Pall Mall *Gazette*, that "it is delightful to come across a little work like this, where the painter has not only painted what he has seen, but has understood and sympathized with what he saw before he attempted it;" the *Athenæum*, that it is "excellent."

Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains"—lent for public exhibition by its English owner—is also praised in unstinted measure. The *Athenæum* critic has "seldom seen so striking a picture," and declares that "in its class it is unsurpassed;" the *Observer*, that "it merits a place among the grandest works of modern art."

## BAIT FOR THE IRON HORSE.

The Iron Horse, that gallant steed,
To go must have the means;
His food—although he wants no feed
Of corn, or any beans.
He grazes not, that Iron Grey,
Whom never mare did foal;
Nor do you for him store your hay:
His provender is coal.

The surface of this English ground,
Coal measures underlie;
Well-named, for there doth coal abound
In measured quantity.
Which, at our present pace, if we
Continue to consume,
The Horse of Iron starved will be
Long ere the crack of doom.

Of England's wealth, of England's might.
Coal is the needful source;
From coal our towns derive their light—
To coal we owe our force.
Yet do we half the world as well
With light and force supply;
For alien cash the coal we sell—
Which that cash ne'er should buy.

The Prodigal his candle burnt,
At once at either end;
From his example we have learnt
How fuel to expend.
Prosperity's tremendous blaze
Is fed by coal, no doubt;
And would forthwith, if we could raise
No more of it, go out.

How long ere all our looms are still,
Our forges cold, each one?
How much yet longer hath, O Mill,
Our Iron Horse to run?
What tons on tons are yearly drawn,
By millions, from our store
Of fast-decreasing coal, which gone,
That Horse will go no more!

The cost of meat is something dire,
As costly, soon or late,
It may be soon, will grow the fire
In the domestic grate.
John Bull may have to blow his nail
Ere many winters roll;
Lest food the Iron Horse should fail,
Economise your coal!

—*Punch.*

## *ENGLISH AUTHORESSES.*

THOSE whom Charles Kingsley recently described as the "Amazons" who were invading English literature so successfully, bidding fair to reduce men to the position of humble reviewers of their wives' books, are indeed a formidable host, and no man can number them. Of this host I have seen, now-and-then, one or two of the captains, or captainesses, and have thought that perhaps those of your readers who have not seen photographs or descriptions of them would be glad to know the impressions of one who is quite disinterested, being no idolater or enthusiast regarding any authoress now living, nor of any woman's book written since Margaret Fuller died.

What Margaret Fuller's father said of her when she was a girl—*incedit regina*—may be said of the mature woman who writes under the name of George Eliot. She is a finely-shaped woman, and quite large, though not in the sense in which Hawthorne describes English female largeness. She is by no means corpulent, nor is there any suggestions of steaks and sirloins about her; but she is of large skeleton. She is not meagre either, but has the look of being made out of fine clay. She is blonde, with very light auburn hair, clear, serene, smiling eyes, beautiful teeth. She has also gracious and easy manners, with an indefinable air of unworldliness—of having been made for large and fine societies, but never entered them. In a word, she is a woman who, though not handsome, would personally satisfy her most ardent admirers.

In remarkable contrast every way to George Eliot is Miss Braddon, the great sensational novelist. One would, seeing her, naturally doubt whether she could write her name. Mixed of lower clay, the exact embodiment of the Southern phrase "commony," with a color which looks like rouge, but is not, she is really indescribable here; but my reader may see her anywhere along Broadway at any time of the day.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe is huge. The first impression she makes is that of a great mass of merry flesh and blood, weighing nearly 350 pounds. She, too, often has to walk about on crutches, which gives one a sad feeling that this enormous size is far from being the result of, or accompanied by, health. But when one converses with Miss Cobbe he finds that the chief characteristic of her face and expression is *delicacy*. There is a lambent humor about her mouth, a subtle perceptiveness blended with sweetness about her eye, a sensitiveness and sensibility in her manner under which—as conversation and acquaintance go on—the corpulency seems to shrink, and the most charming physiognomy to be unsheated. Miss Cobbe has an extraordinary power of conversation, is one of the wittiest of mortals, and, wherever she appears, has about her a group of fascinated young people—particularly of her own sex—by whose bursts of merriment one may know, on entering a company, where the authoress of "Intuitive Morals" is seated.

Very likely there will be, not far off, Miss Isa Craig, editor of *The Argosy*, leading secretary of the Social Science Society, who has a literary position in England quite beyond what one might imagine, and which is much more the result of her personal attractiveness than of any of her published works. She is not pretty, is something of a German, has a *nez retrousses;* is not blooming, but she is young, has a pure, child-like expression, an eye full of delicate and refined feeling, and a gentle voice that every one likes to hear. She is one of the few persons of culture, and of a talent verging on genius, whom I have seen devoting themselves more to the work that will do good than to that which will bring the public gaze upon them. She is a near friend of George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, Herbert Spencer, and others "of that ilk," who admire her warmly. She will soon be married.

One cannot do justice to these ladies in a brief letter, nor can he even mention many of the ladies known to the literary world. There, for instance, is the soul of mystic meditation invested in the substantial and good-looking person of Zschokke's best translator, Frederika Rowan; there is the strange and vigorous, but not altogether attractive, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; and now and then, in a few companies, one may see the still brilliant eye and eager, scornful face of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. For some well-beloved faces one must now, alas! look in vain; they look down upon us from the walls. It would be hard to say how many hearts in England are still draped and lingering comfortless about the graves of Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Browning.—*Mr. Conway in the Round Table.*

## A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this was its first eve. She stood alone
By the lone window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness; and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant dream were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint, golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
"Father! dear father! God has made a star!"

N. P. WILLIS.

## *CROSSING RUBICONS.*

From the Saturday Review.

IT is not at all surprising to find that Cæsar himself makes no mention of the scene on the banks of the Rubicon out of which subsequent chroniclers invented the famous legend. In all momentous enterprises, whether they are of national or only of private dimensions, men rather shirk the recognition of a final and decisive step than seek a dramatic excitement from the knowledge that the die is cast. They are scarcely likely to find any comfort in the reflection that they are just on the point of doing something which they will never on any conditions be able to undo. Probably even the most resolute disposition is glad to hide from itself the iron bonds which it has just forged. It is only a fool who can cross his Rubicon, either to enslave a people or to marry a wife, with a gleeful enjoyment of the consciousness that he is doing for himself, one way or another. It is all very well, on the stage or in novels, for a hero to march off to death or victory with an elated stride, and with a fine apophthegm on his lips; but in real life the tremendous significance of the alternative presents itself a great deal too forcibly and nakedly to allow of much of this magnificent hilarity. To a cool outsider, the cry, "Death or Victory," "Splendor or Ruin," has the sound and air of a very fine antithesis about it. For the combatant himself there is somewhat too much at stake to leave his mind quite free to appreciate the charming antithetical completeness of the two possible terminations of his undertaking. It is certainly pleasanter, from the dramatic point of view, to picture to oneself Julius Cæsar amid the acclamations of his soldiers, dashing across the ford, and crying "*Be the die cast,*" than to think of that other Cæsar of more modern times sitting, on the corresponding occasion, pale, bloodless, and silent, gnawing his nails over the fire at the Elysee. But the last is the truer type of the behavior of men at the decisive epochs of life—that is to say, provided they know that the epoch is decisive. Only it happens to most of us that we cross the Rubicon without any notion that it differs from all the other streams that encounter us in the journey. We are ignorant that the passage of this particular boundary commits us to a definite or hazardous course for the rest of our days. The die is thrown without anybody knowing it, and it is not till afterwards that one discovers which face came uppermost. But this is a commonplace. The most fifth-rate novelist in the world can expatiate upon it through endless pages of pathetic moralizings. "Ah, little did she know that he whose name she then heard for the first time, and whom she was that day about to meet, would have his fate inextricably bound up with her own sad destiny. O my friends, if we all only knew," and so on. Every other novel we read has something in this strain. Such pathos, easy and on the surface as it is, seldom fails of a certain effect. But there is no sort of depth in such a set of reflections, because they are only sentimental variations of the very obvious and not very practical truth that we cannot foresee the future, with the corollary that if we could, we should most likely act differently from the way in which we act as it is. The fashion of growing tearful over any of the inexorable conditions of life, from death, the most inexorable of them all, downwards, engenders a state of feeling as little profitable as any that one can imagine. The relations between men and women are a very favorite field for these windy reflections. It certainly is rather sad and startling to think that you may possibly at the last croquet party have met a young lady who is destined to embitter the rest of your days, and bring your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. But then anybody who habitually yielded to this tearful tone of thought would either baffle his destiny by avoiding all young ladies, or else would anticipate its horrors in these preliminary apprehensions. The only practical good that can arise from observing how unconsciously we may take the most decisive steps for good or for evil is that it may teach us to cultivate such a general habit of wise thinking and wise acting as to lessen, and in some matters almost to destroy, the chances of being hurried across the fatal stream unawares. The worst of it is that even this is only a faint sort of protection, because the fact that somebody else having taken a decisive step is constantly just as weighty for you as if it had been your own doing. The Pompeians crossed no Rubicon, but Cæsar's doing so was fully as momentous to them as anything they could have done for themselves. It is very proper and elevating to believe that "Man is man and master of his fate." Practically this is by far the most important and the most worthy aspect of human action, and to lose sight of this as the greatest of all principles in its kind is to suffer a complete moral paralysis. Only, in surveying life, it is childish not to see that a man is not by any means the only master of his own fate. His father and mother, and all the generations before them, have something to do with it, and so have his children. The misery which befals a mother who has been bereaved of her child is an element in her fate over which she can have no mastery, and so are ten thousand other things which must inevitably enter into the lot of a social being with any relation or dealings with his neighbors or the species at large. The certainty, however, that one may, and very often does, cross the Rubicon by proxy, or suffer the consequences of other people's exploits, is not a wholesome or useful thing to reflect upon. It is very apt to saddle a man with the snug but particularly unprofitable habit of letting himself off too lightly and easily, and anything which tends ever so remotely to diminish the sense of each man's strict responsibility for his own conduct is best kept in the background.

There is a great difference between unwillingness to think very much about the tremendous consequences which may follow upon having taken a decisive step, and an habitual unwillingness to take the step itself. The one implies merely a sober caution of mind; the other entails all the dire miseries of helpless irresolution. A not infrequent result of these miseries is to drive the sufferer into an opposite habit of overquick resoluteness. A readiness in a man to exult in the fact that he has done something which he cannot undo, that he has pledged himself to a course from which he cannot draw back, is more commonly the sign of a weak than of a strong nature. The comfort of plunging right into the stream is unspeakable to anybody who has been accustomed to stand shivering and irresolute on the bank. When a person of this sort has brought himself to take the plunge, his exultation and fearlessness are wonderful. The knowledge that the Rubicon is crossed, and the die cast, seems to relieve him from the necessity of further resolution. He has set in motion a machine which will of itself wind off results and consequences for him without more ado on his own part; and this is an order of release from the demands of circumstance upon his will for which he cannot be too thankful. So he comes at last really to be fond of crossing Rubicons, and taking decisive measures, just because they are decisive. A good many people, we fancy, get married on this principle. They persuade themselves that marriage is a yoke, pleasant or otherwise, which they are destined one day to go under. But the labor of exercising a very careful and deliberate choice is more than they can bear; so they rush blindly across the stream, really relieved at being able to cry out "*Alea jacta est.*" In too many cases, this method may remind us of Mr. Micawber's exclamation when he had satisfied his creditor by a bill at three months—"There! thank God, that's paid!" It is not good, in the delightful sense of freedom after having done something decisive, to forget that rather grave part of the transaction—its consequences. The enormous relief of having decided somehow is perhaps too dearly bought, if it should in time appear that the decision was the wrong one.

The same tendency to quick and resolute decisions, which may give relief to weak natures in one way, may in another way possess a very fatal attraction for strong natures too. A weak man will trust to a throw of the die as lief as anything else, because he has not force of character enough to compel his judgment to strike a balance between opposing considerations and bring out a clear practical conclusion. A strong man—strong in will and foresight, that is—may be equally tempted to trust almost to chance to fix his line of conduct for him. He may realize so clearly the thousand complexities which enter into every man's life, he may be so penetrated with a sense of the extraordinary way in which unforeseen circumstances arise to divert the channel which he would like to mark out, as to place comparatively small value on the most deliberate efforts of his own judgment to hit on the right courses. Or the point in his fortunes may be so critical that he loses his nerve, and thinks that drawing lots, or tossing up a coin, or the *sortes Virgiliance*, will answer quite as well as any other means for finding out the best thing to be done. The Roman legend about Cæsar, was that, in the midst of his hesitation, there suddenly appeared a comely and god-like youth playing on a pipe, until, suddenly throwing aside the pipe, he snatched a trumpet, and with a mighty warlike blast plunged into the waters of the Rubicon. The miraculous apparition filled the leader with an instant and vigorous resolution which plain reason had wholly failed to inspire. There is a great deal of figurative truth in this. People no longer believe that comely divinities appear to a man in a crisis of his fortunes, but the comely divinity is not without his counterpart. Things no less unreal occupy his place in critical moments. In marriage, for example, are not men and women constantly led to take the irrevocable step, not by the conclusions of reason and judgment, but because they are beckoned on by seemly apparitions whom at the other side of the stream they see no more? And they do this consciously and deliberately, from some sort of superstition, it would seem, that a crisis in their affairs is so momentous a thing that at this, rather than other times, they ought to surrender their cool judgment to a spectre or a fancy.

Considering these and a hundred other infirmities of ordinary human character, it is not a little fortunate that there are so few opportunities for a man to take an irretrievably wrong turning. Everybody is pretty sure to miss his way more or less, but there are not so many turnings in life in which people can finally lose themselves beyond hope of recovery. The fatal turnings are there, unfortunately, in abundance, but with most of us education and tradition and surrounding example make it morally impossible that we should be deceived by them. It is perhaps startling to reflect how many people are honest, say, not on first principles, but simply through the influence of tradition. They have never gone further or deeper than the tradition, and have scarcely thought about the principles at all. The same may be said about a good many other virtues of old and established repute. And so, at a crisis in his life, a man's conduct is vastly influenced by the general views entertained about similarly critical junctures in the case of other people. Julius Cæsar crossed the Rubicon dramatically and heroically, but his soldiers crossed it like sheep. And this is the style in which the majority of us perform the same momentous exploit. We put confidence in Cæsar, or Mrs. Grundy, or whoever may be our favorite leader, and plunge in without much thought whether it is a Rubicon or a duckpond that lies in front of us. As ordinary life is commonplace from the very nature of things, perhaps the stereotyped way of getting over even the most ticklish places is as good as any other.

## A LOST HOUR.

Lost, lost, lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
Engraved in Paradise,
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds clear and bright;
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy,

Lost, lost, lost!
I feel all search in vain:
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again.
I offer no reward;
For, till these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven's intrusted gift
Is swept away forever.

## *THE FUTURE OF ITALY.*

BY DUMAS.

"WHENCE comes the interest felt by all the civilized world in the affairs of Italy. It is because she is the mother of civilization, as Greece is its earlier ancestress; because Italy is a magic word for the soldiers of Hannibal, for the soldiers of Napoleon, for the warrior as for the poet, for the man of letters as for the Christian. Italy is the heiress of six thousand years that have passed, the daughter of the Roman world—of the vastest empire that ever existed; the queen of that great lake we call the Mediterranean—of that wonderful basin, exceptional, providential, worked out, as it were, and exploited by the civilization of all epochs, by the unity of all countries—the mirrior in which have been reflected, in their turn, Marseilles, Genoa, Rome, Venice, Corinth, Athens, Smyrna, Tyre, Alexandria, Cyrene, Carthage and Cadiz. Grouped around it were the three parts of the Old World—the only ones known to antiquity—Europe, Asia, Africa. Thanks to it, the way is open from each to all and through them all; by the Rhine, to the heart of France; by the Gaudalquiver to the heart of Spain; by the Po to the heart of Italy; by the Straits of Gibraltar to Senegal, and the Cape of Good Hope, to the Americas, North and South, to England, the ancient Capiterides, to the Shetland Isles, the ancient Thule, which the Romans regarded as the world's last outpost; by the Dardanelles, to the Sea of Marmora, to the Bosphorus, to the Euxine, that is, to Persia, to the Caucasus, to Tartary, to Scythia; by the Red Sea, to India, Thibet, China, to the Pacific Ocean—Immensity: by the Nile to Egypt, Thebes, Memphis, Elephantine, Ethiopia, the Desert—the Unknown. The Pagan world grew up about this sea; Christian unity embraced it for a moment—the Crucified died with his face turned towards it; Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar were born on its shores, Napoleon in its bosom. Milan echoes the name of 'Charlemagne!' Tunis, the name of 'St. Louis!' The Arab invasions spread out on one; the Crusades swept up another of its shores; it gleams with the light of civilization for the past three thousand years; for the past eighteen centuries Calvary overlooks it. Mark what place Italy fills in the review just passed. Alone of all the nations, she, like Christ, has had her resurrection—her Augustan Age and then her age of Leo X. And now, twice dead, she is for the third time being born again."

It is not often that you will find a piece of historical painting illustrative of the subject treated there, so largely grouped, so boldly drawn, so gorgeous in color, with such breadth of effect—and yet so historically true—as that.

HON. GERRIT SMITH, being addressed by a committee in behalf of the "eight hour system," answered:

"For very many years the reduction of the hours in a day's labor has been a favorite idea with me. I believe that, as a general proposition, no man should work more than six hours a day, and that every man should work so long. Hence I would like to have six hours made the *legal* day's work. It might, it is true, be generations before the practice would correspond with the law. For generations laborers might frequently bring a third or a half more than a legal day's work into a single day—that is, eight or nine hours of work. But in the law for six hours there would be the true principle, the true standard; and practice would be continually approximating it. The objection to the eight hour plan is that it is not a permanent one, and does not hold up the true principle, the true standard. But eight hours are far better than ten—and therefore I shall rejoice in your success. Enclosed is my draft for twenty dollars toward defraying the expense of the agitation.

"Respectfully yours, GERRIT SMITH."

CREDULITY and SKEPTICISM are two blind imps playing at see-saw. Neither sees his opposite, although each would be flung off if not counterbalanced by the other; and the are which the one describes determines the space through which the other must travel.—*Edinburgh Review.*


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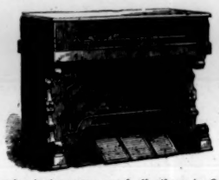

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